



# SiúlTURAS

## Walkabout

Ollamh Brían S. Mac Áon Innéirghe  
Dámsgoil Neamhádas na hÉirenn

Professor Brian G. Mc Enery

# SiúlTURAS

# Walkabout

Ollamh Brían Mac Áon Innéiršce  
Dámsgoil Neamhádas na hÉirend

Professor Brian G. Mc Enery

An Céad Cló 2013

© Bríán Mac Áon Innéiršte

Ṣaḁ ceart ar cosaint. Ní ceadmáḁ aon cuid den  
foilseacáin seo a stiúraḁ, a cur i scomad aḁfála  
nó a tarcur aor aon bealaḁ na slí, bíḁ sin leictreoinaḁ,  
meiciniúil bunaithe ar fotocóipeáil, ar daifeadaḁ no eile  
san cead a fáil roim ré o sealbóir an cóirceart.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,  
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means,  
electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise, without the prior  
consent of the copyright holder.

## Buíocas

Táim buíoc le Miḁael Ó Flaḁarta leis a dearaḁ a  
usáid ar clúid mó leabair. Is sin pictúir don Sliab  
Maḁa Ré sar le loḁ a Dún an áit a tuṣam síde  
ríocḁ m'acah air. Féidtear breis eolais faoi  
ealáine Miḁael a fáil ón a suíom [http://  
michaelflaherty.net/](http://michaelflaherty.net/)

Thanks

I am grateful to Michael Flaherty of the Brandon Gallery for  
the use of his design on the cover of my book. It is a painting  
of Sliab Maḁa Ré close to loḁ a Dún a place I call the  
eternal magical kingdom of my father. You can get more  
information of Michael's art from hiw website, [http://  
michaelflaherty.net/](http://michaelflaherty.net/)



## Don léišteoir

AR lá méan-samhraidh 2013 tosaíodas ar turas ar  
fud Ciarraíde, ar feadh deic seachtaine no níos  
mó. Buailéas le na cuile daoine agus bí mórán  
spraoi eadrainn. Fuairas amac mórán rudáí atá  
luaite anseo. Rudáí faoimse féin, faoin buachaill  
soinneanta, faoi mo clann agus cé hía. Tosaíodas  
a scríobh agus is é seo an céad duanaire de  
seachtar a scríos ó 3ú lúnasa go dtí 21ú Samain.

## For the Reader

On Midsummers day 2013 I began on a journey around  
Kerry, for ten weeks or more. I met with many people and we  
had great fun. I found out many things which are mentioned  
here. Things about myself, about the innocent boy, about my  
family and who they were. I began writing and this is the first  
of seven collections written between 3rd August and 21  
November.

DRÍAN MAC ÁON INNÉIRŠCE  
RÍ SUADH NA BFAIDH

LÁ BREICHLÁ MO MÁCAR MÁIRE  
21 SAMAIN 2013

## CLÁR

Kerry Light	1
A Spiritual Warrior	3
Kingdom Come	4
Making Camp	6
Ṗíobaire an Dásda	8
Fear Šaoluinne	9
Tachyon Thinking	10
loch a Dún	11
Síderíocht m'Ádair	12
Knowledge Lake	13
Winter Milk	14
Flower Girls	15
Teacht an Rí	16
Women's Touch	17
Tears for a Hero	18
Ćír na nÓš	19
High Hill in Wales	20
Ar Taoš an Dealdá	21
Wherein Lies the Truth	22
The King of Freedom	23
A Good Start	24
Calming the Storm	25
An Dóčar Naomhá	26
A Prayer to Mother Goddess	27
Healing Chant	28

Soul Work	29
A Call to Change	30
Looping Journeys	31
Knowledge Revolution	32
A Fool's Day	33
Dreaming in Heaven	34
<b>LA ΔΟΗΔΕ ΝΕΙΔΙΝ</b>	<b>35</b>
After the Fair	36
Gold Foretold	37
Kenmare Gathering	38
<b>ΣΡΟΪ ΗΔ ΣΙΔΕ</b>	<b>39</b>
<b>ΙΟΜΑΗΔΙΟΕΤ ΑΗ ΒΕΑΡΑ</b>	<b>40</b>
Heaven Sent Falls	41
Trees of Knowledge	42
Be Brave my King	43
Magic Light	45
Warrior Queen	46
The Blue Loo	47
Roman Queen	48
Heaven Again	49
Healing Our Country	50
<b>ΕΙΤ COISC ΗΔ ΒΨΙΑΝ</b>	<b>51</b>
<b>ΣΥΔΣ ΑΗ ΜΒΟΕΑΡ ΔΡΘ</b>	<b>52</b>
Mountain Memory	53
Leaving the Past Behind	54
The Road to Freedom	55
To Accept a Challenge	56

<b>CROÍ LÁR NA SÍDE</b>	<b>57</b>
Secret Lover	58
On the Road	59
Mountain Grace	60
The God Calling from on High	61
<b>OILEÁIN FEASA</b>	<b>62</b>
Daily Space	63
Knowledge Emerges	64
God's Delight	65
<b>DÚN NA SÉAD</b>	<b>66</b>
<b>ANAM BÁN</b>	<b>67</b>
Searching the Sea	68
A Journey For To Make	69
Holy Island	70
<b>FISEÁIN AN FAID</b>	<b>71</b>
Exposing Truth	72
<b>OILEÁIN IM ĆROÍ</b>	<b>73</b>
A Reason for Flight	74
<b>Foinse im ĆROÍ</b>	<b>75</b>
<b>ÁIC TOSÚ DORD</b>	<b>76</b>
A Blanket of Knowledge	77
Winking Mills	78
<b>DUL DON CEOIL</b>	<b>79</b>
The War of Computation	80
<b>AR TÓIR DÚCÁIREADHÁIOCT DOĆALTA</b>	<b>89</b>
Soul Mary	93
<b>FÉILE CEILIURAD PAIDÍ</b>	<b>94</b>



A Simple Session	95
Siúil mo Bóċar	96
Ĉar Ceann Sléibe	97
Food from Heaven	98
Oileán DRAOI	99
Teallaiġ na ġCuaġRC	100
My Island	101
Davos Silence	102
Rabbiting On	103
Ṭaiġde Deimin	104
Ṭaiġde i ġCaiteannaġs	107



# Kerry Light

A darkened corner of my soul  
Drew breath and energy from life  
A living corpse was all I felt  
Stuck in single sorrow

Then slowly from my deepest heart  
There rose a single thought anew  
A gladdening from within myself  
A love I shared with you

Who has this voice within  
Why does the feeling flow  
When love surrounds us all the time  
And darkened embers grow

Come down to me you said  
Take up your pack and walk  
Come down and listen to your heart  
Let's pray and see the light

So off I travelled on my way  
A nervous faltering step  
Shackles carried on my back  
Did gradually loosen free

A top a mountain in the mist  
I dreamed of knowledge lost  
The great tradition I came to view  
Cú Rí, Cú Rí, to you

A place of magic in my mind  
Where light does shine within my soul  
The energy that you gave to me  
Fills all the world with splendour

The time it takes to see the light  
The time it takes to love  
The time to wander through my youth  
With messages from above

I thank you Dad for your last words  
I thank you for your time  
I thank you for the memories  
The darkened well to climb

And now returned I feel refreshed  
My soul with light anew  
A single thought was all it took  
A grumbling rumbling love

I love, I love, the whole wide world  
My heart is breaking free  
But most important was the thought  
'I really do love me'

# A Spiritual Warrior

A top the mountain of my soul  
I gaze with troubling face  
A vast and beautiful kingdom  
Dissolving modern pace

Slow down, slow down, and come within  
You are a hero to the world  
We fought great battles on this hill  
Echoes rumbling still

Just sing your song and lift your heart  
A symbol of great joy  
Remember once the tidings  
Of a gladdened innocent boy

These mountains you did leave a time  
To wander in the world  
But now your back with many tales  
Sorrowful

I'll wash the grace within your space  
And clean your heart anew  
So you can lead the human race  
To warrior's kingdom true

# Kingdom Come

There is a light which lights my soul  
A shadow cast by Heaven's glow  
Darkened times exposed a place  
Where secret joys do flourish

Forgotten for a time of life  
No nourishing prayers do flow  
But when the road seems endless  
I step aside to pray

A simple prayer is all I need  
A sweet memory of the boy  
Who wandered long in to this life  
Looking for Heaven

And now I know that Heaven's light  
Can shine again in me  
And help me to realise a dream  
To live this life a-free

To lead the prisoners from the cave  
To give them knowledge to be brave  
To hold with grace and joy enslave  
And show the way to Heaven's knave

So if your lost do not give up  
The time of light has come  
The twinkling forest of the night  
Will soon reveal a sight

A kingdom crowned with all of truth  
Full knowledge all of life  
A universal dream being made by man  
This time, to God's plan

For we are God's most precious child  
Creators of Heaven in the wild  
From nothing we can sprout a tree  
To grow the fruit to make us free

The time is ripe for such a thing  
A kingdom of knowledge to forge a ring  
Invincible life to one and all  
Beautiful fruits this time will fall

So know that Eden's not a tale  
But coming soon to you  
And Heaven's not a future place  
But our destiny, our human face

# Making Camp

Neer thirty years had passed in time  
I wandered to this place  
Good food for all us passers by  
A kindly human face

The school is out but still there is  
Great knowledge of the past  
With stories from the hill above  
It's time to break the fast

For Kerry talk is different  
With questions always asked  
Where 'r you from, who are you  
You settle in to chat

The nature of our being  
Does hunger for this life  
A country way not lost  
A beacon in the strife

Five days I stayed within the grasp  
Of my own spiritual home  
And wandered high in to the hills  
Remembering, I was not alone

For Mum and Dad had met down there  
And so began my life  
And beauty flourished in my heart  
This mountain did it's trick

Two nights of joy I spent up there  
Peeling back the years  
Fighting through the misty night  
Exposing personal tears

For weeping is a way to joy  
Once practised not too much  
Don't stay up here too long this time  
Move on to find the boy

For he still wanders in these hills  
His light comes shining through  
So then I left with spirits high  
And took a lasting view



I will return again some time  
And do the deed I planned  
Bring healing from this hero's place  
And teach to make a stand

T'was here that I began to feel  
The courage now to say  
That I'm the warrior king  
Returned to let you pray

Away, away, I've been so long  
Full tired, yet I feel so strong  
I thank the people that I met  
Kerry welcomes living yet

# Ῥίοβαῖρε ἀη Ὅαζδα

Ὅο ἔλῃας ἀηη le fonn  
Ceoil  
Ὅ'είστεας leat  
Τάῖς ἅ ἑή  
ἔεαῖτ is brí  
Ὅραοί

Ολλᾶῃ is ea tú  
Σαίοῖτ ἅ spréας im éróí  
Ὅραοί

Ῥυαῖρεας τρεοῖρ uaic  
ἔεαζᾶῃ ἡῖος mó  
Ceoil is Ὅραοί  
Seinnῑ na síde

for Eoin Duignan

# Fear Sholuinne

Istigh i Tigh na Cuirte  
A buaileas leat  
Páidriş mac Páidí mac Ráe an tÁiliúr  
Leð béas id croí  
Ba breá liom suí  
An ceist a cuir tú orm  
Caint dúchas eadrainn  
Scéaltaí sonraí  
Aéas im croí  
Suí

# Tachyon Thinking

We think faster than the speed of light  
The solidity of nature is but a flight  
A fancy made in the mind of man  
Not according to Your plan

Within the dream we can awake  
A whole new world for us to make  
Beyond equations of solid time  
Our senses expose a beauty sublime

So delve within and find the truth  
The riches of the world to loot  
Not taking all, but giving all  
This palor of ignorance soon will fall

Computing beyond this realm of life  
Occam's razor cuts like a knife  
When all is said and done  
Blindness be gone

# loch a Dún

Up o'er the hill from Kilmore cross  
I travel to your story  
The stream does make a gushing sound  
My heart with memories abound  
'Twas long in years, with many tears  
Since I did pass this way  
But now I'm back, with a heavy sack  
And days with you to pray  
for my Dad

## Síðeríocht m'Àčair

ČAR ceoil aη sruč a čuas aηη  
Istiš i čroí m'Àčair  
Áit aη scéal is deiriní  
A scrí sé roimh a d'éas

ČAR liom a dúirt sé lena a béal  
ČAR liom is éist dom scéal  
ČAR liom istiš i uaimh do čroí  
Is éist liom glór a šní

ČRÍ lÁ im aonAR bíos aηη  
ČRÍ lÁ le suí is fonn  
ČRÍ lÁ a cuimhneamh AR aη fear  
A bí mAR dia dom domain

# Knowledge Lake

Around a lake deep in my heart  
Just like a saint I wander  
A naked man twelve hours of sun  
Glory to God of nature  
A way to pray come back to me  
My heart is lifting in this place  
Wonder fills my face

Then down across the bridge I go  
Tis time to travel on  
Continue with my pilgrimage  
To a source of love I know

My heart is bursting with a joy  
Not known since being a boy  
I'm on my way, my merry way  
Just simply walk and pray

My sack it was not great at all  
It ripped and out my gear did fall  
For God's sake, time to take a break  
And leave this ancient knowledge lake

Back in to where I spent my youth  
A town that's lost and become uncouth  
What folly did the planners do  
Killing the commercial heart of Tralee

No matter, we will build a life  
Designed with knowledge  
Lost and found  
Deep in the heart of Kerry

# Winter Milk

With eyes of wonder, looking down  
A horse clops softly through the snow  
A brown trap laden  
A man with a ladle  
Fresh milk does smoothly flow

Wide eyed with wonder  
My young eyes record  
A memory  
A time when life was simple  
Silent flakes flowing  
From the sky

Now, all of this seems lost  
As I sit here in the Square  
I ponder  
The cost of progress  
The loss of simplicity

Perhaps nothing has changed  
Just my aged perception  
Makes it so

The children I see dancing  
Around Tralee  
Play uncomplicated games  
Bubbling with life  
Rich with the energy  
Of nature's  
Most bountiful flow



# Flower Girls

Petals grow for you to throw  
And proclaim the virgin Queen  
Innocence displayed in white  
Our lives not yet entwined

Rose petals are a special favourite  
Beware of thorns  
But that's your choice  
Everything in life gives us two

Her son was crowned with thorns  
A cruel joke  
Yoked like an ox  
He carried the cross for us

Let us once again pursue  
A path of pure knowledge  
Love the earth  
And create Heaven

## Τελετή Αν Ρί

Αν βρουάκ ηα ηαδαινη  
Cois droicead an leamain  
Do fuairas loistín don óice  
I seomra an-breá  
le feiscint an-deá  
'S leaba bog corp dom a luí

Αμας dom cun béille  
Cun tús leis an féille  
I mbialann séipéil a bíos  
Ansán don an tairbhe  
Caint dúcais san báirne  
Á ligint istead na síde

Rí draoí a bíos  
le daoine san fíos  
Tabaict is stair ár dtír  
Óh iséal a bíodas  
Sealgaireac go sodas  
A ceiliurad Rí Sadair an Sliab

Ansán le dea-focail  
Coshaíos dom oscail  
An scéal faoi carað m'acaras  
A brian an ea sin tú  
'S cuimhin liom, fiú  
Níor aicníz mé lán le dod féasós

Sin tús don cruinniú  
Na daoine á bailiú  
Arð Rí is é réid é a teleat  
Beic foigne le linn  
An blian seo asainn  
Tiochaíð do ceiliurad mílaoise

# Women's Touch

Ladies light the way of life  
A soft smile quickens my heart  
I feel alive again under your gaze  
The shy boy returned  
In the body of a man

But you give me courage  
To heal my soul  
To dream a wonder into existence  
To bring forth true reality

I thank you all for your gaze  
I thank you  
For being such beautiful creatures  
For lifting my heart from sleep

Deep in my heart I know  
The time has come to bend  
My will to true power  
And serve all  
Honour all  
Love all

for Maria

# Tears for a Hero

A drop flows gently from my eye  
My heart sunders at his memory  
The days we spent digging for lug  
Casting far into the deep ocean  
Great days of joy long gone now  
Our family camped at the back of Rossbeigh  
All lost now in this prison Ireland  
Rule upon rule thought up by plodders  
No dream will be born on this beach  
No fruit of silent nights to fuel the imagination  
What are we doing to our beautiful island  
What are we doing to our beautiful people  
Enclosing public space with tangled threads of EU law  
Release us from this maw  
You give me the courage to stand  
And straddle the crack which brings such desolation  
The fallacy of democracy which never existed  
Except like now for a select and wealthy few  
The blinkers of politics robs us of our sight  
The chance to truly see and be completely free  
The tear runs down my face with joy

## ΤΙΡ ΗΔ ΗÓΣ

Síðe ḡaoiċ, síðe ḡaoiċ Δ τελεῖτ dom campΔ  
Δ luí ΔR cúL Δη τRÁ  
Δ feiċeΔġ leis Δη laċΔir Áġ  
Mo ḡaisce é tosú

Dúċríocċ, dúċríocċ Δ spreΔḡad  
I ΔġΔġ úR ÁR ΔTíR  
'S ceoil ó neΔġ Δ cloisint  
le ḡÁire in ÁR ḡcroí

τÁġġ ciúin i lÁR Δη ḡaoiċe  
MAR treoir dúinġ τÁ le τελεῖτ  
ΔċRú mór ÁR saol  
'S maireΔῖτ é ḡΔġ baol

beċ foiḡin cun é le τελεῖτ  
τÁ muið ΔR Δση le céille  
Spraoí ÁR ḡcroí ḡo suΔintisí  
'S leΔba in Δ luí

# High Hill in Wales

Climbing high upon a ridge  
I gaze down from aloft  
Fear grips my heart at the narrowing sight  
The great mountain looms ahead  
Ice covered falls gush from atop  
Cramponed ice picks bring us in  
To the world of winter  
Fear dissolves with joy  
High up in this fort of snow  
A railroad to the top  
For gentler folk  
Crossing Crib Goch is a challenge  
To remember

## AR TAOB AN BÉALAÍ

AR béalaí dom ón baile  
TÁ Ríde nua ceapaithe acu  
Buailéas isteach i tíg an sionnach  
Sreim le níche d'fáil  
Amach ón doras a súig mé  
Cuirteoirí a bailiú cuimhniú  
Fear an-fear dúcais  
Cuir caint orm  
Siob seab Sólúinne béarla  
Faoin saol  
Beirt ar a béalaí féin  
Teacht le céille le claidereil  
Ráidriú ó leathaoibh  
A ainm  
Fear laidir cheasta  
le suí in a croí

# Wherein Lies the Truth

These words are but a poor reflection of intended thoughts  
Teasing a meaning spread in time  
Continuous phonemes in a line  
Linear thinking destroys comprehension  
Intended actions never occur in sequence  
Meaning grows in the soul from silent impulses  
Waves of bliss bubbling to greater expression  
Singing the joys of Heaven  
Till all resolved we settle again to dream



# The King of Freedom

Dreaming deep within his soul  
The king rises to his role  
To capture from those grimy hands  
A beautiful people and beautiful lands  
To return again a sense of power  
That too much babbling has since turned sour  
And lead his people to a better place  
With bright eyes shining and smiling face  
The dark clouds still have their play  
But herald a lighting of the day  
The time is nigh  
Your ready now to greet me  
And together we'll be free

## A Good Start

A line, a line, I give to thee  
To lift my spirit and fill my soul  
You give me impulses in my heart  
A bubbling reality

This sense of joy is dear to me  
Clarity returns  
The veil drops from my eye  
My head turns towards truth

The search is over now for me  
A long road was my way  
Now to teach from deep within  
And bring to light your beauty

# Calming the Storm

The salmon leaps upon the shore  
Giving life to your great love  
The players gather in the mist  
A storm is brewing, the ship does list  
A man of magic calls his girl  
And dreams of memory do outward swirl  
Then nature's spirit prances forth  
A plot is hatched to brek the court  
We've led in to a brilliant mind  
Compassion of the finest kind  
The last great dream of England's bard  
A living memory that life's not hard  
Emotions gushing on the isle  
Bring tears of joy to those that smile  
The sea is calmed, the storm has gone  
It's time for us to travel on  
This journey through our life we make  
Meeting friends for Heaven's sake  
All trials are but a blessing  
A gift to bring forth Your indulgence

for St. John's Mill Theatre Company  
in memory of their wonderful performance of The  
Tempest at BallyKissane Pier

## An bóchar naomhac

buaileas mo campá ar maidean álainn  
Ar cúl an trá Ros Déite  
Isteac ansin don tíg aisteoirí  
Dom dán a scríos aicrí  
D'éis cupán tae 's cainte an lae  
D'inis doib mo rann  
Ansan caidreil 's buíochas  
D'éirigh mé orm treo  
A luiḡ so trom mo aonaras  
A smaíneamh arn comluadar  
An tabaíct a beic mar dream  
A breá a beic an craic  
Amac ó Tíg an Áis  
Bí bailiú daoine ann  
Fear a déanamh rocháioct  
Tar imeall clár ár dtír  
Isteac i scothrá eile  
Siob seab faoi cuile den saol  
Fear eile ar an bealach  
An bealach marm féin  
D'fhanas ann ar feadh  
As éist is insint scéal  
As déanamh carad nua  
le Ciarán Corcaíoc ón ḡrá  
A scairt linn ón ar scéille  
Cuas teas ar bóchar na sléibhe  
Isteac so gleann na Déite  
A cuimneamh ar na daoine  
A buaileas leo deanaí  
Anois cé bfuil mé aon  
Táim cinnte de anois  
Tá dream na nDúcoilreácta bailiú  
D'ár tógra é tosú

# A Prayer to Mother Goddess

Oh! Danu my love the queen of my dreams  
Your body does follow the flow of the land  
Your form is so gentle it captures my soul  
And keeps me in Heaven wherever I am

Right now by this lake I'm safe in your arms  
With cliffs all about and mist rolling down  
The view is of Heaven and Earth both combined  
So gentle your grace brings tears to mine eyes

I pray for our people  
To learn that they own their own destiny  
To learn that they own total knowledge  
To learn that they own the right to peace and freedom  
To learn that they own the right to true happiness

I pray to thee most illustrious goddess  
I pray to thee for the strength to lead  
I pray to thee for the knowledge to heal  
I pray to thee for my love to grow  
To encompass all

# Healing Chant

Misty morning and the mountains reverberate  
With the cry of a raven  
A man emerges from his tent  
And begins to chant  
His intentions reflect and rebound  
A thousand thousand times  
Echoing back to the progenitors of his tongue  
His clan remembers and are glad  
And lift his soul  
Then quietly he packs up his tent  
Satisfied that the healing will come

# Soul Work

To be loved is true  
To love yourself is your due  
Difficult at times to attain  
Because of that stain  
We all carry within

Cleaning out the soul  
Is a worthy role  
A job which takes time  
Sometimes innocence to mime  
If not attained then pretend

Fool the habit of judgement  
Until bliss is Heaven sent  
Then it becomes deeply felt  
And all sorrows slowly melt  
The soul rises in joy

# A Call to Change

Egypt in flames and no one cares  
Government has become the enemy of their own people  
Peckish rogues in polished suites  
Rule from above  
Looking down they chant and frown  
Democracy is dead  
People are bled  
For profit, by global disorganisers  
Divide and conquer, cut out their heart  
We're safe with our peckish words  
It all started in the laboratory of Ireland's conflict  
Let Us take the responsibility to change  
And bring peace to the whole world



# Looping Journeys

A familiar face stands outside a shop  
From Clahane to Killarney our paths diverged  
Ken visited Dún Aengus on Aran  
I tripped to the Blaskets  
Island folk now  
Quick words  
Then off again  
Looping through life

# Knowledge Revolution

Within, within, within a faltering world  
Conflict bubbles and boils  
Contradicting tendencies expressed  
The old guard have the power  
Traditional means to suppress  
Evolution now called revolution  
But I sense a change of phase  
Consciousness is awakening and spreading it's wings  
Sing the praise of s new world  
A world of individual sovereignty  
A world where shackled domination  
Is replaced by the harmony of pure knowledge

## A Fool's Day

Atop the mountain on the reek  
The grey place was our ascent  
Led by a warrior full of local lore  
We stayed a little while to survey  
From Ireland's highest point  
Stories to tell of the invasion  
Lines to recite, Amerigin's invocation  
Dual language, the old and the new  
Then down the ladder back to hell

# Dreaming in Heaven

Clarity lives in a dream  
Lucidity in the stream of consciousness  
Which flows from below  
The inner impulse of our soul  
Pulsing with knowledge  
Vibrating within itself, the joy of Heaven  
For we are already in paradise  
Although at times it may not feel so  
Just new unexpected territory to explore  
Uncertainty is always a challenge  
But opens the way for our dreams

## lÁ Δοναc ηειδίν

βαιλcισί á díol αρ τaοb ηα sráide  
Cαpαill, siciní is beičí  
Caidréil i measc ηα ηδaοine  
Ceoil, caint, crais is baisteac  
baisteac trom Ciarraide čeas  
Ar ais arís is aičeanras curča orm  
I tíς τaδairne ζaelac  
Tíς Ó Mačuna  
Is doibinne é beič i measc  
Dαoine dúcasac, ζan árδ ζan íseal  
Caint faoi feasós feasa ηa síde

## After the Fair

Morning light suffuses multicoloured houses  
The fair day is done but people still linger  
To chat, to banter, maybe even to barter  
Their few belongings  
Most have moved on, but I loiter  
Another day. a wash day  
The weather has cleared, thank God  
Yesterday, fair day was a sod  
Typical Irish Summer

The talk is about the weather  
Foreign accents suppress our natural acceptance  
Of life in Kenmare

## Gold Foretold

Spreading the light is my role now  
Enlivening the spirit of our people  
To know, that  
Although dark clouds loom  
They are tinged with the gold  
Of a fresh dawn

Not all can see this gold  
Not all believe in this dawn  
Preferring to linger in darkness  
But for many, a great many  
Their vision is clearing  
And look forward to  
The golden light

# Kenmare Gathering

Heading down to Kenmare town  
we gathered from afar  
A greeting we'd all had before  
a chat in Murphy's bar  
With talk of fishing, poaching too  
we conjured up a stew  
Friendships easily made  
and faces that we knew

Then deep within our native tongue  
                        we chanced upon a theme  
An island race moved out of place  
                        Dublin's follied scheme  
A book of pictures showed it all  
                        with happy smiling faces  
The magic island of our tongue  
                        one of God's most beautiful places

'Tis time for food I said to Jim  
I must be getting on  
I'll fix you up with fish he said  
a luck I chance upon  
So down along the street we went  
into the Ocean Blue  
And then I sat and had a chat  
a bowl of chowder too

Now off again I'm on my way  
 up o'er the Priests Leap  
 With fondest memories of Kenmare town  
 nuggets for to keep  
 The road is long the mountains high  
 I'm heading towards the sky  
 A beautiful feeling in my heart  
 I'm learning how to fly

This journey it is doing it's part  
to lift my spirit heal my heart  
to be a human being again  
to be a real man  
to love myself with all my zeal  
to hear the bells of Heaven peel



## Ṣroí na Síde

Istiṣ im ḥroí tál solas  
laisir coille teo  
A ṣáire is a ṣroí liom  
Sástá a beic beo

Siṇ torað é dom turas  
Siṇ torað é dom cóir  
Siṇ torað é dom siúileoid  
Siṇ torað é dom saol

Anois as iompár ualac  
É trom ac mé le neart  
Cuile arṇ bealac  
Cosán naomá dom

Táim anois a dul cun cuimneam  
Is a iascaireact arís  
Ar loč na mbreaca dearg  
An loč le ríde na síde

## Iomannáiocht an bÉARA

Čáinig mé isteach inné  
Fear siúil le mala mór  
'S fuairis loistín iontach ann  
Tíghín ar taobh an bochar  
Le béille maic is cúpla deoch  
Cuir Mícheál aiceantas orm  
Fear óh dúiche tosaigh mé  
Scéaltaí ó dTráiglí

Číos ansan go tíghín eile  
A éist le iad a sheinnt  
Ceoil óh dúchas is ceoil ear sáile  
Ba samh iad a éist  
Caint le Séamus tuas an choic  
Duine de clann an bÉARA  
Beartaigh mé fanaict anso  
Óiche eile scíť  
Cun feachtaint ar an cluiche  
Is breá liom iomannáí

# Heaven Sent Falls

Tumbling through a furrowed channel  
Sound gushes with ease  
A thousand thousand years perhaps  
Heard lately by man

The water falls from on a height  
Bubbling blissfully  
To be it must be such a delight  
Continuously changing  
Continuously the same  
Continuously echoing the  
    rhythms of it's eternal nature

We can dip ourselves in that stream  
And dream with it's eternity  
And so procure a little bit of Heaven

# Trees of Knowledge

The trees surround us with great care  
They speak to us within  
A message from a distant place  
A fluttering heartbeat of love

They echo nature's bounteous gift  
God's most wonderous charm  
Even in this modern world  
They fill us with great joy

Their knowledge of this world they store  
For walkers passing through  
A sense of peace and harmony  
They give to us for free

So get on down the Beara way  
And walk a while with us  
The peace within you it will grow  
Nature's eternal touch

# Be Brave my King

Don't create any barriers  
My soul whispers to me  
As I near my journey's end  
I yearn yet to be free

Old habits bond within  
And strangle my creation  
The desire to lift the crippling yoke  
That hampers our great nation

The time is right I say to me  
To lead the warrior's way  
Have courage in the acts you do  
And leadership display

A whole new world awakes in me  
Full knowledge's royal road  
Our kingdom we can make again  
To lead to Heaven's abode

Just talk and let the people hear  
The plans you have in store  
The time is nigh to celebrate  
Ireland's battle love

Up near the royal enclosure  
The people talked of you  
The man who had the knowledge  
Our culture to renew

You heard the powerful echo  
Of that most ancient voice  
The time is fast approaching  
To act, you have no choice

Fear is just a feeling  
Designed to make you care  
With skill you act from knowledge true  
Consequences beyond compare

So rise my king and do your job  
Lead your people out  
From darkness to the creamy top  
Just have a pint of stout

For that's the way in Ireland  
We like to have the craic  
Let's take the civil servants  
And give them all the sack

# Magic Light

A wondrous light, an ancient light  
It is my dream for thee  
Pure light enfolding pure knowledge  
Driven by pure energy

On Dunmore head you lit the fire  
Your oblation it was heard  
It lifted all our spirits  
And consciousness it was stirred

To act with truth and beauty  
To give them knowledge pure  
To grow with such certainty  
That Heaven we'll ensure

For knowledge is the key to life  
It helps withstand the strife  
The entropy that's part of me  
Designed to make you see

The laws of nature are benign  
They love you all the time  
But your perception needs a light  
A wondrous brilliant white

So go within and find the source  
The source of all you know  
Then you will feel extraordinary  
With a magical inner glow

# Warrior Queen

I dream of thee, I long to see  
You as your made by God  
Your eyes they sparkle with a smile  
My hear you do beguile  
With beautiful poise you serve a pint  
And light a hidden flame  
Such beauty you do carry  
With elegance and grace  
A confidence I see in thee  
A warrior of our race



# The Blue Loo

Sitting down to do a bit  
Of business on my own  
To write a little in my book  
With seeds of knowledge sown

I came upon a little spot  
A pleasure to behold  
A jacks into a pool so blue  
NAMA would pursue

Then out the door I went again  
Mackrel fished from out the fen  
A chat with swallows in my mind  
'Tis great to be of human kind

## Roman Queen

The light shines in your eyes  
A light of Roman knowledge  
A simple thing that you bring  
A Ciara you are my friend  
A feeling grows between us  
Respect for our domain  
A warrior queen again I meet  
And so happy to greet

# Heaven Again

Yesterday I was convinced I was in Heaven  
Clare hurling past Limerick to an all Ireland final  
A few pints and chats  
An easy flow  
Friendship from the heart  
Easily made  
A drunken wasp skittering on the floor  
Washing away my Beamish  
Oh! how simple life can be

Today the last leg of my journey  
Up the Coomahola to  
Loch na mBreac Dearg  
To fish a little  
To pray a little  
To be in Heaven again

# Healing Our Country

The warriors gather in the glen  
An ancient sound resounds  
They chant with rhythm some healing lines  
Invincibility abounds

Out from their midst there comes a man  
Hereditary leader of his clan  
A proclamation there is made  
Echoes whisper in the glade

Full knowledge of this life he gives  
With hope and joy this day he starts  
Healing souls in all the land  
Integrating all our parts

## Εἰς Κοῖσιν καὶ ὁμίαν

Σὺ δειμὴν ἱστίῳ ἰ ἀνὰμ σλάν  
τὰ φοινσε φεῖσα βεο  
Ἄϊτ ἀ βῆυιλ ἀη τεολας  
Κοῖσαδ ἐ ἀ κοσκ

λε σὴν ἀ κρυῦ 'σεο 'νοῖς  
ὅα βρεῖα λιὸν κυρεῖαδ ἀ ἑλβαιρε  
Ὅο λαοῦραϊ δὺκασαί ἄρ δτίρ  
τὰρ λιὸν ἱστίῳ καὶ σίδε

τὰρ λιὸν σὺ δτί ἀη Ἄϊτ κίῡν  
τὰρ λιὸν ἀ δέληαμ μίῡν  
Ἀησαν βειδ μῡιδ ἰη ἀηη ἀ τóιρ  
ὁλοσκαδ σίοκάιν κόιρ

## SUAS AN MBÓČAR ARD

Istíġ ARÍS i mBARR AN Ġleann  
A siúil ČAR AN ABANN  
A Čaint e DAOINE Ó NA HÁITE  
A Čuinneam iAD A BÁITE

MO ČROÍ, MO ČROÍ A BĚUIL COM SAOR  
Le eitilt ÉAN NA SPÉIR  
MO UALLAČ A BÍ COM TROM  
ANOIS A EIRÍ LOM

Le cupÁN TAE ÓN SEAN A SĜOIL  
Čuir fuinneam i MO ČOS  
D'EIRÍOS ARÍS DON BOČAR ARD  
ČAR BARR COM A ČOLA

# Mountain Memory

Again the mountains call my name  
It echoes round the hills  
And in the darkness of the night  
A faint sound forms  
I climb out from my bag to go  
And listen to it more  
When low behold the sky lights up  
With full moon's brightening glow  
The darkened clouds are giving way  
A single star shines through  
The white mare pees out from it's lair  
And gladdens my peaceful heart  
Then pay respect to her I do  
And she thanks me with a smile  
Then back in to my tent  
I go and sleep the whole night through  
From early morn a new day born  
A fairy mist comes o'er the hill  
And pours from up on high  
Then out there peeps a little sun  
Promising a fair day  
And down I sit to meditate  
A thing that's nearly done  
'Tis forty years since I first came  
To this place with my Dad  
And twenty since I last did come  
Full up of vedic knowledge  
Now as I start to live again  
And see the way for sure  
I'm glad to come back  
Once again  
And think of thoughts so pure  
For mountains are a healing place  
They fill me all with grace  
The greatest church that I do love  
Sun beams brightening from above  
Then off to fish I do prepare  
And catch a little trout  
You're a keeper I say to him  
And cast a look about  
This is the place that we did meet  
A fierce and violent storm  
A memory of our last great trip  
A memory of the end of youth

## Leaving the Past Behind

You have a very powerfull memory  
A man said once to me  
My former professor from Galway  
He knew me when I was younger  
Such a memory can be voracious  
It can eat you up  
Gobble up your emotions  
Continuously sap your physical, mental  
and spiritual energy  
Meditation helps to resolve it  
To integrate the past in to the present  
And thus prepare a way for  
A brighter future



# The Road to Freedom

Now down again from Heaven's glen  
I ponder what I've done  
The miles I've walked in to my mind  
The searching in my heart  
The joy at finding the innocent boy  
So he can play his part  
He's lived it all for fifty years  
Storing knowledge between his ears  
And now at last the time has come  
To share his view at least with some  
There are those who know the score  
This country's rotten to the core  
Politicians play a game  
But for who's in power it's all the same  
Mouthpieces for civil administrators  
Is all they are right now  
Suckling on a national sow  
Pigs eat their young  
Just as the state devours it's own people  
'Tis time to stand against this  
But using knowledge we can't miss  
So if your brave and strong like me  
Follow my road and we'll be free

for the Warriors

# To Accept a Challenge

Now I face a personal challenge  
To believe in myself  
To have no fear  
To lead with certainty  
    in these uncertain times  
To know that from which  
    all knowledge flows  
To open up the garden  
    of my mind  
To remind us all of  
    beauty  
The beauty of truth  
The beauty of freedom  
The beauty of a life  
    lived in harmony with nature

## CROÍ LÁR NA SÍDE

I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE  
I SCROÍ LÁR CIARRAÍDE  
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE  
CÚAS ANH LE SUÍ  
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE  
CÁNAS ANH MAR RÍDE  
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE  
SLAOS AR NA SÍDE

CÚAS AS LOC A DÚN  
D'FANAS ANH AR FEAD  
CÚAS AS LOC A DÚN  
A CUIMNEAMH AR MO DEAD  
CÚAS AS LOC A DÚN  
BÍ AN SRÍAN MAR ROČ SA SPÉIR  
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE  
SAN PÚCA SAOIČ SAN AÉIR

ANSAH SO GLEANN AN ÁRA  
TAOBH CUAID DE CHOC BHEANNÁN  
CÍOS AS BÁR AN AILLE  
CLOISIS AN CRÓHÁN  
I RIČ AN OÍCE DÓRČA  
CÚAS AMAČ LE FÁIL  
BHAON UISCÉ Ó AN SRUTHAN  
BÍ CITIM ISTIŠ SAN UAIMH

I UAIMH MO CROÍ A BÍOS  
ROIH TAISTEAL ANH SAN FÍOS  
AN TREO DOM SAOL A ČOŠAD  
AC FONH DOM SAISC A ROŠAD  
D'ÉIS TRÍ LÁ FANAČT ANH  
BHEARTAIŠ MÉ É  
LAOČRA DÚČAIS NA HĒRENĐ  
A ÁČCRUČÚ DON TÍR

ANSAH DO LEANAS TURAS  
AR FUD AN CIARRAÍDE  
AS CAONAD DOS NA SÍDE  
AS LEANÚINT LE MO SUÍ  
ČÁINIŠ SOILSE ZEAL DOM  
I LÁR DO MO CROÍ  
AS CUIMNEAMH AR MO ČLANN  
'S CÓIRÍOCHT AN RÍDE

AMRÁN DO ACADAMH NA SLÉIBTE CIARRAÍDE

## Secret Lover

Back again in Skibbereen we chat  
I was hoping to meet you  
I was yearning  
To tell you my news  
The fact that I have found  
The innocent boy  
Within myself he is there  
Smiling with joy  
Then last night we had such a beautiful chat  
True friends  
I won't mention your name  
But you know  
My secret dreams

for my Mystery Cat

## On the Road

The beauty of this life you know  
You loose your way  
Then find it  
Strangers on the road  
Don't judge you  
They tell you of your inner beauty  
They like to meet you  
To greet you  
As a long lost friend  
A brother, or sister  
On the road to Heaven  
So get out there  
And do your thing  
Travel your own road  
Deep happiness it will surely bring

# Mountain Grace

As I entered the village under Brandon  
I look for the house I stayed in  
Thirty nine years before  
A lifetime but also  
Just a fleeting glimpse

Time itself may have passed  
A little older  
No more a soldier  
Not of the national army  
But dreaming of a new army  
Dreaming of a warrior  
To once again bring Your plan  
to fruition

The seeds were sown here  
Seeds of knowledge  
Nurtured by time  
A carefully tended garden  
I could now feel in my soul  
I was becoming alive again  
The darkness was lifting  
As I looked up again  
At his craggy face  
Another great mountain  
Full of Heavenly grace

for Mount Brandon

# The God Calling from on High

A beautiful place  
God's own space  
The hostel under Brandon  
Sit down and rest  
Mary-Anne said to me  
Don't be too hard  
On yourself  
Take life with ease  
And the search will cease  
Just stay a little while  
Next door is a good spot too  
Good food, good craic, good chat  
'Twas here I met Tom  
A man of Brandon  
A real West Kerry welcome  
Although we just met  
We've known each other  
For a thousand years  
The tears melt from my soul  
I feel at home  
Under Crom's home

for Mary-Anne and Tom

## Oileán Feasa

TAR AMAĆ DON OILEÁN  
A DABDAIRT Connie liom  
NÍOR BFACA MUIÐ CÚ LE FADA  
BEIÐ MÉ AMAĆ DON SCÉALAIÓCT  
AC BEARTAIŞ MÉ TURAS NÍOS LÚ  
ÁIT A DIMSIÚ  
FÍOS A SÚ

oo Connie



# Daily Space

Out the back we daily track  
The caves of our whole world  
Daily decisions that we must make  
Inspiring actions to take  
Friends listen and chat  
Never, not once, a spat  
A virtuous space  
A comfortable place  
The Paragon of our dreams

for the Morning Philosophers

# Knowledge Emerges

The warriors gather in the deep  
Woods surround them  
A glen lies deep within  
Water thunders over the rock  
A man emerges from the pool  
Knowledge flowing  
A stream of knowledge lost  
Found again and remade  
Recast in modern form  
To storm the bastion of ignorance

for Mulinahassigh

# God's Delight

A river flows from the source of power  
A tower rises in the lake  
Knowledge tumbles through the void  
Bubbling bliss from nothing  
Created with desire  
The image of God  
Smiling on his creation

## Ḑún na Séad

Ḑanas an  
Ó báR an domhan  
Don céad uair le mo bean  
An cailín alláin croí zealzaireac  
A bíos posad leí  
Ansan nuair scair muid ón ar sceille  
D'fanas an ar dús  
le dia zearmánac  
Fear crioúil le táis suimiúl  
A eus an-spéis ionam  
Anois táim tríd an baile san  
Ar an dtreo amac don Cléire  
Áit in a bfuil  
Zaoic na síde  
A séide i mo croid

oo Corsten

## Ἀνὰμ βάν

Ḃíos ċíos i ȝCiARRAíðe ἈR ƣeἈḂ ḂἈ mī  
ἈR siúil, ἈR ól is ἈR déἈḂἈm ceoil  
Ἀȝ cἈint le ċuile ḂἈoine  
ḂἈint τἈiċḂeἈm ἈS ḂἈ Ἀoine  
Ἀnois ἈR bἈḂ Ἀȝ ḂἈl ȝo Ćléire  
Ƣonn cἈint ƣἈoin ȝἈoluinne déἈḂἈm  
τἈ bἈR mo ċroí lἈn le sprἈoi  
τἈ m'ἈḂἈm úR ȝeἈl bἈn

# Searching the Sea

Who've you she smiles up at me  
As we scan the sea  
Searching for spouts  
Signalling the presence of  
Dolphins or whales  
Unfortunately none appear  
To greet and cheer  
A young ladies important date  
A day for candles to be blown  
Seeds of joy sown  
Eight lights to glint  
In a smiling face

for Freya

# A Journey For To Make

From Cape to Cape the birds do fly  
Why do they chirp at me  
I'm going to miss the sea  
But I must wander free  
Then on across the ocean  
With brightening emotion  
I'll travel where the cuckaburrough sings  
But I shall not forget  
The friends that I have met  
On Ciarans island

for Mary-Anne

# Holy Island

A morning light did soothe my brow  
As I lay back down on Cléire  
In again to feed my soul  
On Ireland's freedom island

'Tis here I find a human kind  
A fellowship of our race  
With time to banter, time to chat  
And friendliness display

A graceful living 's had out here  
With nature all around  
A glorious Heaven sent place  
A welcome you'll find too



## Fiseáin an Faid

Cé hé tú a dábairt bean liom  
I ngorc seal an mbaile  
'S mise brian an faid ar mé  
le solas ionam croí  
buaileas leí arís san óice  
'S fear i dteannta í  
páidriş é an fear sin leí  
'S cuir sé caint roimh mé  
A féadtar leat a siúil liomsa  
So sean áit ear an tír  
ba breá liom tairfead déanam leat  
A caint faoi fuinneam seal  
Ansan so dtí an gleann ríosda  
Cuamar an le céille  
'S mocháios criúir táis  
Na cloca tuaidh loc Reas  
'S comartaí an şrian  
Soilse teadt istead im croí  
Soilse ionam şaois  
leiríocht easháiocht an faid

# Exposing Truth

Another beauty I do see  
A perfect match for me  
Graceful with a perfect back  
I'd love to get her in the sack

To attack the bankers in their den  
I need courage to say when  
Expressing emotions deeply felt  
Softening my heart my shyness melt

For honesty is a difficult thing  
Tuning the bells of truth to ring  
With soothing tone the daily chime  
My hearts desire expressed in rhyme

## Oileáin im Ćróí

Ó ċuailṣ mé aṇṇ i lár aṇ saṁṛað  
Ċuailṣ mé aṇṇ aṇ áit don spraoí  
Ċuailṣ mé aṇṇ i lár aṇ saṁṛað  
Δ φαṇάττ leis ḡa síḋe

Ċuas ar siúil ṡo báR aṇ oileáin  
Ċuas ar siúil aṇ bóčar arḋ  
Ċuas ar siúil ṡo báR aṇ oileáin  
Δ leaṇúinṡ le mo ṡuí

Δnois aṇač taoḃ ċall ḋeṇ taḋairṇe  
Δnois aṇač aṇ ṡríāṇ sa spéir  
Δnois aṇač taoḃ ċall ḋeṇ taḋairṇe  
Δ ṡočú ṡRÁ im ċróí

Ó ċuailṣ mé aṇṇ i lár aṇ saṁṛað  
Ċuailṣ mé aṇṇ aṇ áit don spraoí  
Ċuailṣ mé aṇṇ i lár aṇ saṁṛað  
Δ φαṇάττ leis ḡa síḋe

Δṡṡrān ṡo Oileáin Ćléire

## A Reason for Flight

I just saw the windhover  
Soaring majestically  
Heading towards the sun  
Of a sky blue day

These words may not justify his flight  
The ease with which he spreads his wings  
A prayer in flight  
My soul to delight

## Foinse im Ćroí

Δ ζuí, Δ ζuí im lár mo Ćroí  
Δ ζuí ..., Δ ζuí ...  
Δ mōćú fuinneadh, fuinneadh mín  
Na síde ..., na síde ...  
Δη aimsir ciúin Δς τελετ dom suí  
Δη ζροί ..., Δη ζροί ...  
Δnois τáim sáςτα beič Δηseo  
lá buí ..., lá buí ...  
Δη ζrian Δ ταιςηadh suas san spéir  
Δm laoiđe ..., Δm laoiđe ...  
Foinse feaςa aimsiς dom  
Foinse feaςa aimsiς dom

Αἶτ ΤΟΣÚ ΘΟΡΘ

TÁ NA MBAN LAOCH A TEACHT CUSAM  
D'AICNIĞ IAD MÉ ÓN ĢCIONN MĀRA  
ĢAOLUINNE IONTAC ACU  
FONN ACU M'AMRĀNĀIOCT A CLOISINT  
ANOIS TĀIM CİNTE ĢO BĢUILLIB AN TĀM CEART  
MAR TĀIM A ĢĀIL TAICIOCT ÓN NĢÚTOILREACTA  
DO ĢADA AN BEALAC A BÍ É  
AC TANN TURAS AR DEIREAD  
AGUS BÓCAR NUA A ĢOSAINTE  
BÓCAR DO CROÍ NA SPRAOI

# A Blanket of Knowledge

Around the tables, out the front  
Trippers gather to feel  
Silence surrounding all our hearts  
The peace of our own soul  
A man from Cork smiles at me  
We share a little chat  
A wishing well he gives  
A respectful little pat  
With words of grace, he takes his place  
At our most joyous banquet  
And remembers the knowledge we do have  
A powerful cosy blanket

## Winking Mills

Looking out on to the land  
The fog does hide your form  
Offensive structures built on high  
Hiding our mythology  
Why do the build them in such places  
Destroying stories and graces  
I long to see you rise again  
And tell us your old stories  
For dreamtime is a way to sing  
And knowledge our fathers bring  
So dissappear from out my vision  
I say to you with much deision  
There is no need for you at all  
As energy costs will fall  
You are a false hope  
A new technology it will cope  
Derived from knowledge new to you  
But one I've found in mental stew  
Now you're gone out from my mind  
Thank you God, you are so kind



## Dul don Ceoil

ĆiAR óh ÐaingeAN cúAS ćall  
lá AN teiĆ is bíOS mALL  
StOPAS şAIRiÐ le fEAR NA şCLOĆ  
A fEAĆAINT AR A şAOthAR  
NíOR d'fANAS ANH le tAMALL fADA  
MAR d'ÉAS A ÐREAĆAR ARH lá roimġ ré  
MoĆAíos uAisġneas A teilşEAD ó  
'S DEiriş mé ċun siúil

ÐO líOS ċÍOS AR tAOBġ AN bóĆAR  
NoimeAT sos A ċOşAINT  
Ćit mo cAMPa ARH bóĆAR  
AĆ níOR riġġe mé DEARMAD

IsteAĆ i CeANġ TRÁ liom ANois  
A ċuimġeAMġ cúRSA SAMRAÐ  
Níos mó NA ÐAiĆEAD bliAN roimġ é  
NuAIR bíOS ANA óş

ĆÍOS AR CÚL AN tRÁ ċUR mé  
Mo cAMPa inA luí  
Áit le fANACġ óiĆE şAOR  
A feiĆEAMġ leis AN ceoil

# The War of Computation

It started in the Levant that grey white place  
Where he was sent to quell the teeth of snarling dogs of war  
He joined a loyal family of soldiers one and all  
And donned the blue beret to answer peace's royal call  
For peace it is a subtle thing not just an absent war  
But life lived fully bursting with energy and law  
The laws of nature do contain intelligence beyond compare  
From top to bottom our universe to ensnare  
While doing his job out in the Leb he began to feel unease  
The UN's just a failure politicians to please  
While in the East he travelled to one divided island  
And saw a city split apart by one partitioned wall  
He picked up in a Russian shop a book on quantum physics  
And another one on geometry Lobachevsky's grand design  
He stayed out there for two whole weeks and with his love did travel  
High upon the mountain peaks and to loves most blue lagoon  
Then back again to a golden den to a city by the sea  
A city then divided by religious factionary  
He went at once to where he knew that he would find a friend  
Observers on a mission the rules of war to bend  
Then off they trotted round the town to denzines of the deep  
And drank more beer and chatted their spirits for to keep  
For spirits of a soldier are very subtle things  
Especially when he is there right in the middle  
What actions shall we take right now so as not to make it worse  
Far removed from all we learned to develop the situation  
How do we act so as to stop a conflict bubbling up  
You give us lead with our guns  
But bullets will not do  
Projectile motion is the start  
Of conflicts pure technology  
But where's the start of peace's source  
What is the source of knowledge  
These questions he did ponder while on a little wander  
To countries in that area now mostly torn to shreds  
Directly South he travelled on incongruence place to see  
A suburb of New York by the Sea of Gallilee  
Then over that notorious bridge he crossed a sacred river  
And down in to the desert go to see the rosy stones aglow  
Deep in a gorge he rode a mule and emerged with stunning view  
A rock made city in the hills wonder his heart fills  
Back again to city large he met an Irish face  
With the most beautiful steak he ever ate a pleasure in this place  
Then on up North he did go to follow Roman treasure  
A legion road bespoke with ancient peasure

On, on, again he went up to a heavily guarded spot  
 Missiles pointing upward so to defend the sky  
 Another city he did meet a friend he knew from home  
 And out they went to walk the street some locals for to greet  
 But this was a most frightening place  
 And is more fearful now  
 With global forces fighting  
 A battle for the soul  
 Do not be fooled by those that ruled  
 They do not have the power  
 To solve a conflict situation  
 Their knowledge it's gone sour  
 He knows  
 But that was later  
 So back again he came to base  
 And did his final stint  
 And lead his soldiers on back home  
 And pondered  
 And pondered  
 And pondered  
 A month of sick leave was his due  
 To rest and heal his soul  
 So down to Kerry with a rod  
 And fishing he did go  
 To fish for bass along the beach is God's most precious gift  
 A healing balm, a healthy calm a vision in the mist  
 A vision on the beach he saw a truly wetted shirt  
 A pair of jugs did he behold  
 Emotions stirred he had to hold  
 His thoughts to check his mind  
 But love did flow a little later from a lady oh! so kind  
 Then back to work again he went and pondered his whole trip  
 'Tis pointless having peacemakers with weapons in their grip  
 It was the time of Greenham Common and nuclear war did loom  
 And calls for peace did bound around to lift us from our gloom  
 With politicians acting loud and saying that we must change  
 He got a book, an accounting, of global suicide  
 For that's the end if this starts off  
 There's no other tale to tell  
 We'll end the world and so regret our role  
 Then deeply during all that time  
 He thought of something else  
 The physics of the quantum state  
 The experiments double slit  
 If we can change the laws of nature  
 By pure intended thought  
 Then we can stop a bubbling war  
 We train a group of people to live their life so pure

That global peace and harmony for us they will ensure  
He found at last a mission a goal in life to chase  
A reason to be living a member of his race  
To do this job I will pursue all knowledge old and new  
And seek to find a source of peace, to honour our mankind  
For two more years he served and lead a faltering military life  
Questioning the doctrine which causes such a strife  
He always stood alone in this but had to keep it hidden  
For dissention in the officer corps brings attention most unbidden  
But then by circumstance untold events of interest did unfold  
He got a job to plan to become the information strategy man  
But to know and follow his staff duty  
He needed some more knowledge  
To find a mission for the Army a document wherein to defined  
Instead he found a letter  
Dated from his year of birth  
When Hungary lay in ruins  
War was coming  
So the leader of our nation dictated to his people  
Instructions for the preparation of  
War books  
A book for each department  
For each of fifteen seats  
To know what actions for to take  
When iron birds roam the sky  
But in the file he saw in there  
No action did they take  
They did not do their job at all and duty they forsake  
This was a criminal act treason of the highest kind  
And he took off to ponder  
What to do  
Down South of Cork he walked a while  
A beautiful cliff face view  
Seeking in himself  
The energy to act  
For he was scared most all the time  
He had deep thoughts he couldn't mime  
He could not hid emotion with jovial bright motion  
Back home again he did return to face a military band  
But after a while with typical style he was able to make a stand  
His father he did ask him to write down what he felt  
And slowly with a growing strength his anxiousness did melt  
It took a while but there was good  
His love returned to him  
And after dinner late one night  
He asked her to marry  
The clouds still lit the darkened shore  
But somehow life was brighter

Beginning now a life for two  
A whole new world to view  
Big changes in his life were made  
An opportunity arose  
From a commandant of engineers a question he did pose  
What is your plan to do right now where do you want to go  
There is a man that I know well  
Just go to him and talk  
In to the university he went and had a chat  
And lo behold a new page opened simple just like that  
Return to academia and study once again  
Take up the path of knowledge  
In what was a fair good college  
His army life was over but still held on reserve  
A small pension helped him on his way his savings to conserve  
So then began a journey deep in to computation  
A science and skill that he developed with most determined will  
For six long years he toiled and blew  
The cobwebs from his head  
And developed notions deep emotions  
Of knowledge true and true  
But gradually there came a time he questioned all this too  
There's something wrong with education it's not working for our nation  
The research he did so complete and become a doctor too  
Now with a son and father gone he had to turn inside  
He pondered once again the role he had elected to do  
Then world events did intervene and force him to come clean  
I can no longer be part of this computational war  
No matter seeming small  
For I have made a pladge he said  
I pledged to find a way  
To use my knowledge for the good of all  
Let true peace have its day  
To ponder this and other things  
He travelled way down west  
And stayed a while in the Standing Stone  
And found a knowledge bone  
A source of knowledge he knew at once  
Was intimate to him  
A way to go beyond all things  
To feelings deep within  
Before he took the final first step  
He walked upon a hill  
He prayed for guidance in his way  
Luckily letting God have his say  
For God will give us all we need  
If we just listen to our heart  
Let Him arrange the universe we just do our part

A special day it was for him when he did learn to pray  
 The purest form of prayer it is a mantra for to say  
 Immediately he entered a realm hidden just below  
 Daily considerations light up with softening glow  
 His mind it cleared  
 Immediately  
 And friendliness did grow  
 A chat was all it took to know  
 That his dad approved  
 A message from heaven is a rare and precious thing  
 He could hear the angels sing  
 So once again a new door opened  
 A door to vedic knowledge  
 Found in a place way down West Cork  
 A place of stone knowledge  
 Then some weeks later he had a chance  
 To go and see it all  
 To meet with experts in the field of conscious computation  
 These were people who'd spent much time  
 Deep, deep, in meditation  
 And yet knew all there was to know of modern computation  
 I want the knowledge that they have the realisation dawned  
 And so began a new phase a knowledge search was spawned  
 The college he did leave within a month or two  
 And set upon his research  
 With energy unending  
 A year or two did then pass by  
 When over in England he learned to fly  
 He picked upon two little books on national computation  
 Two little books which showed the way  
 To smile in a mathematical play  
 And lift the deadly fear which gives rise to many a tear  
 Again he sat and did his sums  
 Being seven once again  
 And slowly felt the arrogance of academic ignorance thaw  
 Some more time passed with study some time with research too  
 When once again there was a chance deep knowledge to imbue  
 A full moon day does always play a homage to the master  
 And once a year it's very clear  
 To all who hold him dear  
 That we must gather and share the joy  
 Light a candle, ring a bell  
 And wait for knowledge he will tell  
 At such a time it did chime  
 And awaken in his soul  
 A glowing blissful feeling  
 Full armed with this he returned again to his beloved nation  
 And sought a way to once again develop computation

With guidance from a special place the chance arose to grow  
 And spend some time in life sublime deep with those who know  
 A college in the shire of Bedford was such a towering place  
 Full of beautiful people a credit to our race  
 They worked on visual forms to show  
 How knowledge does emerge  
 From deep within a field complete  
 A diversity to bring  
 For all is one and one is all  
 That is the truth absolute  
 All perceptions reveal God's plan  
 For we are God's eyes his most precious toy  
 And though diverse opinions there seem to be  
 When consciousness is united  
 All dissolves into the sea  
 Of pure knowledge  
 Knowing this  
 Knowing a way to resolve the computational war  
 He began to move again  
 To return and set it up in his own country  
 He was also armed with a desire  
 To remove the rust from his native tongue  
 At the beginning of a new school year intentions were made clear  
 To once again arrange a curriculum to change  
 The fundamental aspect of basic education  
 A radio announcement made clear by its pronouncement  
 That an opportunity was brightening the sky  
 So after a quick call to a friend with knowledge all  
 Right in the city centre he did fly  
 A cup of coffee later for he was no debater  
 The project Simple Sums it took it's form  
 A simple thing to start and he to do his part  
 And resolve the current difficulties that arose  
 When children do not learn the friends that they can make  
 With numbers and the processes of play  
 When all is far too serious  
 To certain not mysterious  
 And boredom sets the smiling lips to frown  
 This is the fallacy of modern education  
 Engender fear rather than love  
 Force the mind rather than encourage it from above  
 Convince them that they are wrong  
 Rather than enlivening the song of superfluid flow  
 Sow the seeds of ignorance  
 This is the avowed policy of our Department of Ignorance  
 So for six long months he talked to show  
 The way arithmetic should go  
 Then as arranged he met inspectors two

And presented his perspective on the zoo  
 Of numbers and techniques  
 The keys to opening bright eyes  
 And thus began a battle with forces of conservation  
 Ignorance personified in form  
 To change was not their way  
 Let judgement have its say  
 We hold the reigns of power and you we will devour  
 So go away and leave us all alone  
 But he did hold his fire and from the field retire  
 To plan a long term strategy for his force  
 For though they numbered few with open minds they knew  
 Their energy would flow into the world  
 And recreate a state  
 Of educational grace  
 The technology was there now  
 To create electronic books  
 And lift ignorance from their looks  
 But funding was a problem  
 A problem to be resolved  
 And so a third member of the team was so encouraged  
 A man of business knowledge  
 Who could guide and support  
 The endeavour to resolve the growing crisis  
 It was plain for all to see  
 That then current powers that be  
 Were completely ignorant of the damage  
 They were inflicting on  
 Computational education  
 Small minds grew weeds in the garden of knowledge  
 Aided by those in university college  
 The arrogance of academia spread out and multiplied like cancer  
 With no apparent cure  
 He had it  
 But he could only bring a horse to water  
 Also at this time another path did chime  
 A feeling of great knowledge in his heart  
 He began to learn again  
 His beloved native tongue  
 And quickly did festoon himself with joy  
 He developed a technique  
 To give a real quick peek  
 At physics deepest secrets in a way  
 That made a way unique  
 To use his native sounds  
 And conjure quantum knowledge love abounds  
 It opened a new era for exploration and research  
 A really new endeavour to explore



He was happy with his progress  
And settled in for the long haul  
A new millenium was dawning  
He worked and talked and demonstrated  
Animations from his mind  
To create a way to knowledge new of kind  
But still the blinkered mind of those who had the power  
Turned well intended actions stale and sour  
Ego's born of arrogance  
Belittled all his efforts  
But he had strength of character to endure  
He knew there'd come a time when he'd express in rhyme  
The thoughts that kept him going in the night  
And he would challenge them  
Those cowards of knowledge  
To come out and so debate the truth of all  
A challenge he did issue to academic council  
But they hid behind their professorial garb  
He fired off a shot just a tiny little barb  
And it hit the nail right on it's ugly head  
He'd frightened them he knew  
To get off their arrogant chairs  
To give up their haughty airs  
And open themselves up to simplicity  
For complexity's just a state  
Of a fragmented mind  
One that's clearly not in touch with true reality  
For underlying it all  
Is a simple simple find  
A single source of all that knowledge flows  
Diverse it may appear  
When vision is unclear  
But knowledge is the truest source of all  
The purest source of knowledge, allows  
Simplicity and complexity to co-exist  
Unity and diversity to cohabit the same awareness  
So on the battle raged  
But he did get support  
From those who weren't blinkered by their jobs  
Opportunities arose, to find a peaceful place,  
and talk about his thoughts, with charm and grace  
Rare they were at times  
But fun was had by all  
When he cleared the smoke and pall, of education  
Some could clearly see  
His bountiful simplicity  
The value it would give to one and all  
But others chose to hide, in cavern deep and wide

Preferring to ignore his little light  
From a great height, he proclaimed his intentions  
To banish ignorance once and for all  
A job not to tall  
For a hero  
A true warrior of knowledge  
Now he sits alone  
Waiting for to start  
A plan of action fermented for long time  
The challenges that he met did not weaken him  
He has renewed his strength  
And knows that now's the time to bring it out  
The talks of computation and global information  
And problems he predicted years before  
In a letter to that minister  
When Simple Sums began  
And he warned of the folly of their plan  
For he could see the future  
Just like his dad before  
Who predicted war to come from out the tunnel  
He was a soldier too and knew that it was true  
That pure knowledge, pure light, the pure energy  
    of tachyon based mental computation  
Could unfold the peace of heaven

## AR TÓIR DÚDAIREAMHÁIOCT DOGALTA

ÉOSHAIS É AN LÁ A CUAS DON AGALLAMH  
DAGTA MAR OIFIGEAC SAN AIRM  
CUIR DUINE DE NA HOIFIGÍ CEIST ORM  
CÉN CAOÍ A B'FUIL SPÉIS AGAT  
EOLAÍOCT  
D'FREAGAR MÉ AN TABACHT A BÍ SAN EOLAS  
COMHCEANGAL IDIR EOLAS IS AN COSAD  
FORBART I DTREÓ AMÁIN  
FORBART I DTREÓ EILE  
IN NASC EACARCA LE CÉILE  
ANSAN NUAIR A CUAS ISTEAC SAN AIRM  
BÍOS A LÉAM IRISLEABAR EOLAÍOCTA  
A FÉACAINTE AR NA REALT  
DOM OIDIÚ FAOI NA TEOIRIC  
NUAEOLAÍOCT DON AIMSIR SAN AIMSÍÚ  
SAC MÍ A B'FUAIRIS CÓPI DO SMAOINTÍ EILE  
MO MEÓIN A LEACNÚ AMAC SO FAIRSING  
A MUINEAD É DOM FÉIN  
IS A BREACNÚ AN RÉAD  
RÉAD AN EOLAS MÓR A BÍ SAN SAOL  
ANSAN DO CUAS ÉALL DO OLLSGOIL SAILLIM  
IS ÉOSHAÍOS DOM CÉIM É A DÉANAMH  
STADIDÉIR DEIMHIN IS STADIDÉIR ÁRD  
LE DREAM DE MACLEINN ÍONTAC  
I MO ÉANHTA  
MISE LE MO CAIPÍN IS CULAICE EADAIŞ MÍLEATA  
'S IAD LE SRUAIŞ A TITIM AR A ŠUALAINN  
DO LEANAS ANH MAR CARAD  
DON FAD A BÍOMAR ANH  
AG CAINT FAOI AN TEOLAS BÍOMAR LÉAMH  
AG DEIREAD ÉIOR AN CÚRSA  
BÍOS BEAGNAC IM AONAR  
AN DUINE BÍ DLÚC DÍLIS DON TÓIR  
SAN BLIAN AB DEIRINÍ  
BÍ LEACHT AGAM IM AONAR  
SAN MAITEAMATIC FÍSICE IS MÓ  
AC BAINIS ANA TAICTHEAMH  
AS NA HABAR BÍ CUR ROMAM  
IS DÉIRIŞ MÉ DOM CÉIM A BAINTE AMAC  
ANSAN D'FILLEAS 'RÁIS  
DON AIRM É I SCEART  
CUN DUALSAS DOM DAONRA É A DÉANAMH  
CÚAS AR BÁR ÁR DTÍR  
D'FANAS ANH LE BLIAN  
I DÚN NA NŠALL BÍOS ANH

Δς δέληαη obair mileata  
 Δς cosaint an dtír  
 Ó acraηη bí cārt an líne  
 blían an spraiouíl le obair criouíl  
 Δ cosaint síodcáin an stáit  
 Δc bí fonn aςam fillead  
 Δr ais an tóir  
 Eolas Δ bí istis im cōí  
 Δςus cūais mé teas  
 Do ʒailleam lán le meas  
 beart don blían úr é pleanáil  
 le comairle ó m'ollam  
 D'fuaras treoir eile  
 Staidéir Δ leahúint san acadam  
 Cūas do mbleá Cliać Δ d'iompaiz mé ansin  
 Cūn tuas Δ cūr le staidéir i trionóide  
 Cúrsa tairde ʒaiscíocť is aireamáiocť le céile  
 Is ríomaireacť i dteanηta leo  
 Ansan do cōshaios an tóir ab cóir dom ʒaol  
 An tóir Δ bí im cōí Δr faoid mo mairacť  
 Óice iontacť anη  
 Is mise é le fonn  
 ʒaisnéis teicneoláiocťa é Δ ʒoʒlam  
 D'ʒanas an Δr ʒad óice sin ʒo léir  
 I doman eile ait ʒan don treoir  
 Δc leas na leabair  
 Δςus déiriς é dom spréas  
 Fuinneam nua im lár dom anam  
 Moćaios mé é  
 Δςus leanas leis an plé  
 Ábār nua deacār  
 Dom ʒéin  
 B́ios bróid beicť anη  
 San coláiste sin samall  
 Δς léam is Δ δέληαη mór staidéir  
 'S déiriς mé dom tairde  
 É Δ cōiocťú  
 Is dreapađ an cém Δ baint amacť  
 Δr ais arís don airm  
 Mar oificeacť taiscead  
 D'bainis sult óη tām Δ b́ios  
 lár i Inse Cóir  
 Na hóice cūas anη don tabairne  
 Ioncacť Ó Rían  
 Áit Δ raib mé bailcisí don píob  
 buaileas le mo cārad  
 Seanán ab ainm dó  
 'S buaileas leis an cailín Δ b́ios le posad

Isteac san ullord bíos  
 An draíocht tarraiñt liom  
 Is í a feiceam̃ cun ár deac̃t  
 Cun deoc̃ a bualađ linn  
 Ar feađ dā blian d'fañas ann  
 'S spraoí a leiriú lár dom̃ ceann  
 A déanam̃ beađán taid̃e  
 A déanam̃ beađán ol  
 Ó bun an gloinne tashanné  
 Spré  
 Spríouíl eolas criouíl  
 Ansan do ceas̃ cuas an tír  
 Cuas do Dún Deaizan  
 Deiread̃ seac̃taine iontađ  
 le Connie ó Tiobraid̃ Áireann  
 Tar amac̃ do deoc̃  
 A dađairt sé linn  
 'S muid̃ a fanac̃t leis  
 Ar deiread̃ an oíce, oíce iontađ  
 Bí na síde linn  
 Trí oifiseac̃ airm an tír  
 Is dā réiđ buac̃aillí  
 Ar méis i lár na hóice  
 Shañ put̃a smaoineam̃ eac̃arc̃ú  
 Ansan do bozas̃ ann  
 Ac̃rú eile dom̃ saol  
 As obair ar an líne  
 Arís  
 Bíos ann ar feađ dā blian  
 Blian iontađ trína céile  
 Áit a múinead̃ dom̃sa  
 An airm beic̃ i scearc̃  
 Cuas ear̃ sáille ón áit sin  
 Scéal t̃á insint̃ dom̃ ríom̃  
 Agus tíos don mbleá a cuaid̃  
 Mé ann do Árd Ceac̃rú don Airm  
 Níor breá liom an áit sin  
 Mar bí sé scoilte díreac̃  
 Daoine caint̃ faoi truaillac̃  
 Shañ eolas in a ceann  
 D'éirig̃ mé as ar feađ trí lá  
 Cum̃ ceann a cur le céile  
 I gCion t̃sáile a bíos ann  
 Na haill a cur cuñ féille  
 Ansan ar ais don airm  
 Cuñ feac̃aint̃ cad a ear̃la  
 M'ac̃ar insint̃ dom̃ caic̃fiđ mé a fillead̃  
 Ar bórd an treaib̃ don mbleá

Δ cuiñneam̃ ΔR mo tóir  
D'éiriš fuinneam̃ ionnamsa  
Mo bealač féin  
Isteač ðon áit Δ čosnaíos  
Ðon tóir  
Tá cuille seo ðen scéalašam fós  
Δsus aičrim é lá éišin  
Ač tá puinče ΔR Δn mbórd Δšam  
Δsus caičfið mé imeačt

## Soul Mary

Last night I talked with once again  
A lady of much craic  
A lady rich with native tongue  
With laughter bursting through  
I'll walk with you way out west  
Dont start to early we need a rest  
You're on you way, your own way  
A pilgrimage to make  
Your soul to remake

for Mary O Leary

## Féile Ceiliurad̃ p̃aidí

Toshaíonn é leis An Cuileann  
p̃ort a bíos a feiceam̃ leis  
blianta a b́ fonn orm é clois  
Ansan éios i Tis̃ p̃aidí  
b́ sé ann  
Ceoil draoictúil na síde  
A sú istead̃ im̃ c̃roí  
A cur m'annam i suí  
lean óice iontad̃ ceoil  
Flead̃ p̃aidí

oo p̃aidí Ó Sé



## A Simple Session

You'll have a cup of tea  
Mark said as I passed  
Down the road  
Simple talk, greetings  
We knew each other  
But not well  
Then over a cuppa we chatted  
Talk of meditation  
Talk of Wales  
Simple tales of two lives  
Then a few poems  
Two poets sharing  
A simple life

## Siúil mo Bótar

Siúil mo bótar ar an oileán  
Siúil an cosán i dtreo an neamh  
Siúil mo bótar ar an oileán  
'S mise i dtéanna leat

Teis amac ar bar an fáille  
Teis amac is feadaint ar  
Teis amac ar bar an fáille  
'S cífid tú an dún

Ós do comhair beid radairc alainn  
Ós do comhair an baidín beas  
Ós do comhair beid radairc alainn  
An farraise i sciúin

Siúil mo bótar ar an oileán  
Teis amac ar bar an fáille  
Ós do comhair beid radairc alainn  
A feadaint ar an neamh

Amhrán ó Naomh Ciarán

## ṪAR Ceann Sléibhe

Amác ó ṡCionn ṪRÁ aṡois  
An bóṪAR lán le ṪRÁṪ  
An fARRAIGE ciúin ṡan púṪA ṡAOIṪ  
Ṫíos ṡo Cuimín Eoil le ṡṡAIṪ ṡṡÁṡ  
ṢA ṪONṢṪA LAIDIR A BRISEADṪ  
PÁISTÍ A ṡÁIRE leo  
Uisce ṡo breÁ beo

ṪUAS aṡsan ṡo Ceann Dún Mór  
Ṫine A lASADṪ dom ṡuí  
A fEADÁINT AMÁC ARṢ Oileán Mór  
Ṫíos ṡo Ṫiṡ KRUGERS  
CÁINT deoṪ is CAIDEREÍL  
ṪeALLAIS óṡ CEANTAR A MAṡAD IAD féin  
CÁINT fAOI veist an ṪOR  
ṡeARÁN dos ṢA ṡARDAÍ is IAD A ṡÁIRE fAOI

Óice ciúin is mé im aONAR  
Ṫuile immiṪe aṡois  
SCAMALL ṪUAS san spéir  
A éAINT dom éROÍ  
A bṡuillib ṢA síṪe

# Food from Heaven

The beauty of truth  
Is that it never hides it's face  
There is no shame  
Nothing is left to chance  
It gives us a feeling of certainty  
A little bliss felt in the heart  
A soft glow of reality  
A nurturing impulse of life  
A blessed gift to the soul

## Oileán DRAOÍ

Ćíos don cailleadh moć eirí  
Ćar bār aill cosán aird  
Easla faoi a leactadh uaim  
Fanaćt leis an mbád

Cleactadh miúin i lár an ciúin  
Ćíos faoi bun na cloća  
Teact na ndaoine ćíos an cosán  
Tuairiseoirí don lá  
Ślaoć orm a bfuil tú réid  
Fear a buaileas ar i śCeann Ćrá  
Na bac le ticéadh a dađairć sé  
Ćar liom amac don oileán

Amac ansan ar bār an farraiśe  
Amac ó cé Dún Ćaoín  
Ćuras śairid aimsir breá  
Mé a filleadh do oileán m'anam

Níos mó na troća blian dom śaol  
Ó suileas siar an bóćar ślas  
Śaoić śo laidir śéideadh istead  
Is cuimhin liom óiće draoićtiúil

## Τελλαιῖς ηα ῖCuairc

Τράχνοηα δοιβεαηη αμαῖ ὄη bpub  
βεαη uasal α suí α léam ηη ηuaῖτάν  
babós san caráiste φαοι φοῖάν  
ῖosηαίomαR comRá  
Isteac αμαῖ beazán ῖiob ῖeab  
α fear fillte αR ais le babós níos lú  
As lúῖ α bī αη fear  
As loc ῖorman αη τελλαιῖς  
Caint α sū eadrainn  
Caint breá  
lá breá  
Cairedeas ηα ῖCléire

# My Island

I'm back again  
A little bit older  
Much more travelled  
But I'm back  
What a story I have to tell you  
I've been trying to get here  
For quiet a while  
I had hoped to bring the book with me  
But I'll have to do, I embody the book  
An island that likes books  
Three very famous came from here  
One I listened to, gave me back your language  
Now as I walk your hills  
You fill me with grammar  
You fill me with knowledge  
You fill me with the desire  
To be me

## Davos Silence

At Davos you said what you said  
The papers were full of comments  
The usual mumbled jumbled grumble  
There is no proper commentary anymore  
The fourth estate is both deaf and dumb  
Articulating ideas designed to sell advertising  
No-one noticed the reverend mother from Denmark  
Oh! you will do as your told  
I'm the president of the European Union  
I pointed my finger at the uTube box  
We got rid of ye once before  
We'll do it again  
Maybe the year after next  
When we'll celebrate the one  
    thousanth anniversary  
That Ireland was last succesfully  
    defended from invasion



# Rabbiting On

The minister appears on the box  
Articulating a position prepared  
By a civil flunky  
Ok! we will find a way to make  
    everyone pay  
For free speech  
Well minister you should know, that  
Freedom of speech is guaranteed  
Under our constitution  
And may not be curtailed  
More so, freedom of expression  
That freedom is my personal property  
And you want to privatise it  
Give it away to private corporations  
To pay for their mismanagement  
You are supposed to represent  
The people of this nation  
If you can't  
Go away and get yourself a  
    proper job

## Ταῖςδε Δεῖμιν

Ὁ'εἰρις μέ ἀσ ἀη αἶρμ  
λε φονη ὀρμ αἰρεῖται ὅττ' ἀ λεινύιντ  
ἅα εὐιδ' ὁμ' ἐροί' ἐ  
ἀ βῆιντ σπραιοί' ἀσ  
ἀς ἰμῖρτ' λιμ' ῖνεοιν  
ἔσσηαῖος ἀ δέληαμ' ταῖςδε  
φαοί' αἰρεῖται ὅττ' ἀ εὐρ' ἰ βφεῖδμ  
ῖλυαῖσεαὲτ' ἀη ῖγιλλαὲ  
ἅα ταβταὲτ' ἐ ἰ βφορβαρτ' αἰρεῖται ὅττ' ῖσῖσε  
Ὁ'εἰριος μαρ σῆνεολαί' κομ' αἰρεῖται ὅττ' ἀ  
ἄβαρ σπεῖσιυῖλ, ἄβαρ μῖν, ἄβαρ ῖρῖν  
Ὁ'εἰς σέ μῖ' ἐς εὐρεῖδ' ὁμ'  
λεινύιντ' ῖο δ'τῖ' εἰμ' ῖος αἶρδε  
ἅἰ ἀη βελλαὲ εὐῖς σῖν' εὐῖς ἰς ῖαῖρσῖν  
βελλαὲ ῖο δειμῖν ἰστις ῖο ῖνεοιν  
    να ῖαταὲ ἀ ἐλῆαῖς ροῖμῖς  
Ὀῖε αἰμῶν' ἐαῖρλα ρυδ' ὀραιοῖυῖλ' ὁμ'  
ἅἰ κλῆρ' ριομ' αἰρεῖται ἅ ριὲ  
ἀςυς βῖ ὀρμ' ῖεῖεαμ' νοῖμεατ' αἰμῶν'  
    δος να τ'ορ'εαί  
ἅἰ σῖαδ' ἀ τεαὲτ' ἀμαὲ ῖο μῶλλ'  
νοῖμεατ' ἰν' δῖαδ' νοῖμεατ'  
Ὁ'ῖανας ἀη ἀρ' ῖεαδ' υαῖρ  
ἀ ῖεαὲαῖντ' ἀρ' να τ'ορ'εαί  
Ὁ'εἰς ταμῶλλ' βῖος ἰν' ἀη  
να ἡμῖνρεαὲ ἀ ῖεαὲαῖντ'  
ἰμ' ῖνεοιν ροῖμ' ρέ  
βῖος ἰστις ἰ λῆρ' ταῖβσεαῖοτ'  
    ἀη ἰνεαλλ' ριομ' αἰρεῖται  
ἅα ἰονταὲ ἀη ῖοεὐ' ἰμ' ἐροί' φαοί'  
ἐαῖρλα ρυδ' εἰλε ῖρεῖσῖν  
βῖος ἀς ὀβαρ' ῖο δῖαν ἀρ' ἄβαρ δεαὲαῖρ  
ἀρ' ῖεαδ' σέ μῖ' ῖῖ ραβας ἰν' ἀη  
    ἀον φορβαρτ'  
ἀησαν ἐλῖνῖς ἐ ὁμ'  
    ἀη βεαλαὲ ἀβ' ῖεαῖρ ἀ ἐσῖαῖντ'  
εὐαρ' βότ'αῖρ' ἐαῖρ ἀη δεαὲραὲτ'  
σαῖςεας σολας ἀ ἐαῖρλα ἰμ' ῖνεοιν  
λεῖς ἐλῖνῖς ἀη σ'οἰλέρεαὲτ', ῖο ραῖβ'  
    εὐἰλε σῶν ρέαδ'  
εὐρεαῖε ἀς ῖαοῖς  
Ὁ'αῖεῖνς μέ μεον' Ὁέ  
    εῖρῖ ταῖςδε δειμῖν ε'ολαῖοτ' ἀ  
ἅα ἰονταὲ να λαετ'αῖντ' σῖν  
ῖρεῖσῖν βῖος ἅ μῖνεαδ'

Cúrsa le haghaidh macleinn  
 inealltóireacht is eolaíocht  
 Maslam uimhíocht, fisic, is  
 aireamhíocht  
 D'aithníos go raib locht mór san scorás  
 oideachais  
 D'éis níos mó na cúig blian déas  
 Ní raib na macleinn in ann  
 A meoin a usáid, ac i dtreo ann díreac  
 Bíodar meirgeac  
 San féidireacht comartaí nua a glacad  
 Bí easla orcu saisc a déanamh  
 nac raib i sceart  
 Ac níl don cirt ann  
 Níl don mícirt  
 Níl ac féidireacht  
 Macaire na huile féidireachtaí  
 Sin atá a stiúir an cruinne  
 Sin atá mar rí don réad  
 Ó sin a tashann léiríocht eashíochta  
 Freisin is tabtacht na bfoail  
 A usáidtear chun ceapanna a coinnib  
 Níl don rud nua sa saol  
 Tá sac ní torad de fream éigin  
 Fream saois na cruinne  
 Bliann bíos a leam leabhar ionta  
 Faoi líneoireacht ó taob deis den intinn  
 D'aimsigh mé nasc idir ríocht diultac  
 Is  
 Easpa cirt san mod uimhíochta  
 Ba ar an nasc sin an leact ab fearr uaim  
 Čáiniš é om croí féin čáiniš é om anam  
 Bí an seomra a biomar ann lán le ciúin  
 Močaios surb sin an slí eolas a lasad  
 i croí daltaí  
 Ní hé le sac rud a cur leo go díreac  
 Čaičfiðmuid dúil a cur leo  
 a dtreo féin a glacad  
 Ar an cosán ar ais  
 go dtí mo seomra féin  
 Bí ainseal a damhsa ar deis m'intinn  
 A siúil čart bear an coláiste  
 Čáiniš diaibail istiš orm clé  
 Bí troid eacartu  
 Níor buaidh ceann dóib,  
 níor šortaiod iad  
 Ac dob sin fream an beallac a čogas  
 ina diađ

Ár ais im oifis bí sé soiléir domsa  
 So raib an oideachais á teipeadh na scoilearaí  
 Ó bun go barr  
 Bí locht ann  
 Ní raib an freagra a sham ansan  
 Ac éainiú é liom tar éis an tóir a leaniúint  
 Istiú im croí tá foinse feasa  
 Tobar na haillise  
 Áit teibí, taibí, draoiú  
 Conas treoir a éasaínt do daoine  
 Óise sin a aimsiú id féin  
 Sin an ceist a bios á plé  
 Cuireas deireadh liom taighe  
 Agus déiriú mé as an ollscoil  
 Ní rabhadar réid éist liom  
 Bí na macleinn ac ní raib an foireann  
 Ar deireadh tíar éall caifid muid go léir  
 Ár mbeallac féin a glacad  
 Tadmuid i ár lonar sa saol  
 Len ár dreaú féin  
 Len ár moú féin  
 Len ár smaintí féin  
 Sin an domhan pearsanta  
 Freisin tá domhan eile  
 Domhan uiliú a féiditir linn roinnt  
 Agus is cun slí sin a fáil a cuas  
 Fuair eas an céad eócar d'sin san Caisc  
 Fíos mín d'éis fisean a feadaint  
 Eolaí a éaint faoi an teorric is deiríní sa b'físic  
 An éonagol idir na éonagáí teibí a usáidtear cun  
 Meoin an crucaúóir a tuiscint  
 Agus na daicead cáil dúgaois  
 Caitinneas mar a deirim anois  
 Leann an tóir sin fíche blian  
 Agus scéal iontaú é  
 Iomráin seol go croílár eolas  
 Trí saíúú  
 Saíúú na veidí as an Inú  
 Saíúú na heolaí nua-aimsearú  
 'S saíúú ár ndúúais féin  
 Leannfaid mé leis d'éis mo dinéar  
 Caiúfid mé greim bia a cur im bolú  
 'S siúil beas dom cos

## Ταΐςδε ι 5Cαϊτεαννας

Roimis dom ealú as an ollscoil  
Aςus mo bealaς fέin a 5lacað  
Ćarla cúpla íontaς speisiúil  
San ollscoil bí duine de  
    na comarsan bí aςam  
As an ðreacan ðis ó dúcas  
Đabairt sé liom bfeídir  
    blian 5o leiς roim mé ealú  
5o raib feíðireact an  
Mise dul 5o dtí cruinniú éisin eolaí  
Aςus 5o 5eobaíð mé deontas ón 5colláiste roime  
Ćuas ar an ríomaire aς lorg 5aisnéis  
Aςus 5uaireas amac 5o raib  
Cruinniú eolaí le beic san Eilbéis  
    i riς an samrad a bí le teact  
Đob é cúrsa samrad i 5comair  
Eolaí 5isice comaireamáocta é  
Ćuas 5o dtí lausanne aςus ansan  
    suas na sléibte 5o dtí tearmann  
Bí eolaí as cuile áit san Eorpaς  
Aςus beirt as na Stataí Donaiςe  
Bí an spóir aςainn á plé i riς an lae  
San oíςe bí an spóirt aςainn  
    a déanam caint  
    le cabair ó bfíonn Đé  
Buailas le dream as an  
    isealtír, on príom caςair  
D'éirimuid an cairdiúil  
Freisin bí fear iontaς ón bfíonlann  
Đabairt sé 5ur léis sé na nuactain 5ac lá  
Bí sé aς obair i áit an teibí san bfisic  
Aςus 5ur tabact 5an é fέin a cailleað an  
Is breá cuimheadh faoid  
lá amáin i riς caiςe bíos i 5comrá  
    le eolaí ón Đainheadς  
Saineolaí aimsearςa ab é  
I riς ár 5comrá đabairt sé liom  
    5o raib fonn aise anord a cloisint  
leanam ar aςaið leis ár 5comrá  
Óíςe eile bíos amac ar 5cúl  
    an foirςheadh a caint  
    le dream eile  
Ćosnaios a caint faoin acranh i ár dtír  
    aςus 5o raib muid a lorg  
    cabair é a reiciú

Dob í bean as Sasanna an t-aon duine  
 a cuig cad bí á rá ašam  
 Ní raib suim as na daoine eile Eorpac faoi  
 Agus níl suim acu fós ann  
 Ar mo slí abaille d'fanas  
 óice amháin i lausanne  
 Fuaireas lóistín don óice i oclann beas  
 Agus cuas amac do béill ó Meicico  
 béille iontaç a cur spraoí im croí  
 D'filleas ar ais dom lóistín  
 agus rinneas iarraçt dul a colað  
 Bí m'intinn lán le smaintí  
 Bí é spreasça d'éis an cruinniú  
 Cosnaíos a scríob agus  
 i riç an óice  
 scríos dá céad leaçnac  
 i leabharann a bí ašam  
 Nuair a cáiniš mé ar ais go Corcaiš  
 cuireas an leabharann i scófra im oifis  
 Bí é ann ar feað trí mí  
 Lá bios a suí as an mbórd  
 Agus caic mé an leabharann istiš  
 san bosca truailleac bí ašam  
 Dabairc mé liom féin go raib  
 an méid smaintí ansin  
 nac mbeid mé in ann  
 iad a cur i scríç  
 da mbéad  
 saol míle blian ašam.

Tá mé taréis an-caint le Meadb Dhanríon na gConnact agus bí sí a cur ceist orm  
 faoi na níçe a bios a scríob faoi i riç an lae. Tá sé as eirí beasán dorcað anois cun  
 beic scríob dá brí caicfid mé brisead anseo agus leaníuint arís le solas an lae.

Roim sin nuair a caic mé an leabharann uaim, cáiniš féileçáin im croí agus cuimneas  
 ar dúil an eolaí ón Dainmearš agus bí mór cuiscint ašam faoi. Ba sin slí cun leiriú a  
 déanam ar ríocht iolcomas, na criçir acur le céille i bfuaim amháin. Dabairc mé liom  
 féin surb sin treo nua cun caisde 's forbairc a déanam mar níor rabas sásta beic  
 páirteac san caisde a bí a déanam ašam. Bí baint aise le fórsaí mileata na Stáití  
 Aontaiçe agus ceapas go mbriseann obar mar sin neodraçt ár dtír.

leanfaid mé ar ašaid leis mo scéal níos deanaí.

I riç an blian in a diað çarla ruð eile suimiúil dom. Sin lá amháin bios á déanam leaçt  
 ar ruð éigin dos na micléinn eolaí is inealltóirí, dearas ciorcail an clárduð le cailc  
 bán, cuireas ponc díreac in a lár agus le sin çualas orn scúl, suç éigin, 'you know  
 notin.' Ceapas ar dtús surb duine de na micléinn a dabairc é ac ní raib dreacç  
 sáireac ar éinne. Dob mé féin a bí a caint liom féin é. D'aitniš mé an firreanas. Ní

raib mé ac as imirt an cleas a bí á déanamh as sacl duine san scóras. As léam rud i leabhair, a cur faoi bráid é dos na daltaí, iad a scrí síos é ina leabaireann agus a scrí ar ais é sna teastas. Bíomar go léir seallta. Chaill mé go léir creideamh san oideachais agus beartaigh mé eirí as. Bí orm slí a d'fáil cun mo taighde féin a déanamh agus i riú sáoire na Cásca cuas síos cun Scoil Múire i Iarthar Corcaí cun roinnt scríobhneoireacht a déanamh ar mo smaointí faoi usáid fuaimeanna san eolaíocht cun leiriú gluaiseacht a aimsiú. Bí sé an-léir dom go raib meoin an eolaí an tabaacht mar caiteadh é beic oillte i slí nua. Cuas síos go dtí Sgoil Múire mar ba breá liom ainm an lóistín, sin i mBéarla, *The Standing Stone*. Do éiomáin páidriú síos mé agus cur an bean a tí failtiú romam. Cur sí ceist orm cad ina taob a raib mé ann. D'fheas mé gur b cun roinnt scríobhneoireacht a déanamh. 'An scríobhneoir tú.' a dábairt sí liom. 'Ní hea,' arsa mise, 'is eolaí mé.' Ba sin tosú cinn de na cairreaddas is tabaictáim saol.

Táim le briseadh eile a cósaint mar táim i bpub tár éis cúpla agus ní breá liom scríob d'éis portar. Tá sé in am beasán Siob Seab a déanamh.

I riú an seactain sin bí morán comrá asam le Mair agus ba é sin an suimiúil faoi ná níor cuigh mé as an am cén facl go raib an méid eolas aici faoi fisic nua-aimseartha. Bí sí in ann caint liom faoi na h-abar a bíos a déanamh staidéir iontú. Ar Deirdean den seactaine dábairt sí liom go mbreá léi fisean a taispeant dom le eolaí fisice ón staití aontaithe. D'éis an fisean cuigh mé gur b múinteoir corás miúin í. Ar an doine cuas ar siúil tar slíab gabriel á plé liom féin an eolas a bhfuair mé ó Mair. Ar deireadh éir all dábairt mé liom féin gur b é an firreanas is mó sa cruinne nó an breas is mó sa cruinne agus go scaitfid mé fáil amac cé hé. Síos ón slíab dábairt mé le Mair gur b maic liom an corás miúin a foalam, ac nac raib mo dothan airsead asam. Dábairt sí nac raib aon faidb le sin agus go mbeuimid in ann sin a reictiú níos deanaí. Dúirt sí go raib céimeanna san mód múineadh, sin caint beas ar dtús, in a diaid sin má raib mé sasta leaniúint leis, an muineadh féin agus d'éis trí lá caint beas eile cun a fáil amac go raib mé sasta le cleactadh an miúin. Rinne sí an céad caint ar an Sactarn, ní cuimean mé é ac bíos lán sasta leaniúint. Cuas suas cun an sráid baile le hasaio corcaí is blacla a fáil i scoimar an muineadh. Ar maidin Domhac na Cáisc miúin Mair cleactadh a miúin dom díreac as haon a clog san maidin is muid a feácaint amac fuinneos a tís amac go Oileáin Cléire. Cuas istead díreac iomam féin agus ba an soiléir dom gur b fíos an speisiúil é. Cúpla lá indiaid scríos dān léi. Tá sé caillte anois ac ar deireadh de bí na linte

On opening the door I stepped through infinity  
You showed me that first step

Bain sí móran sult as mar dábairt sí liom go raib a deartar ina file freisin. D'fanas i Sgoil Múire ar feadh cúpla lá eile, ansan d'filleas ar ais don cacl cun cuairt a tabairt dom máclar a bí san oispedeal. Bí an caint afainn faoi morán rudaí agus d'inis mé léi go raib mé tar éis miúin a foalam. Ansan cuais mé ar ais go Sgoil Múire le cúpla lá eile. I riú dā mí ina diaid bíos suas agus síos aon seans a raib asam. Bí morán caint á déanamh asam le Seairlas, fear céille Mair, agus bí an scéalta aise faoi a obair mar oifeasac faisnéasac i airm na Breatainn i riú an dara cosad domhanda. Ba é an duine a rinne nasc idir Ho Chi Min agus na Francacl,

Ašus bÍ an brón air faoi cad a čarla in a diađ. BÍ mé céad faoin scéad so raib mé cun an ollscoil a řařail san Méan řomair ac ní raib don post řaiřte ařam řós. řuaires cuiread blian eile řanačt anđ ac ní raib siad an airřeas a bi coillteanač do a íoc. Diultaiř mé an cuiread.

Roimis an Méan řomair bi seans iontač eile ařam téiř níos deimne isteač san foinse eolas ó na hInđ. řuaires litir ó Maír le řaisnéis faoi cruinniú eolaí le beič i Maastricht san iseałtír a raib saineolaí i Aireamáočt Veideač is Aireamáočt Nua-aimsearčta le beič anđ. Beartas dul anđ ařus řuaires deontas ón coláiste cun é a déanař. Roim sin buaileas le Cíarán Breacnač carađ le Maír a bi á cleactađ miđeamař freisin. Dađairt sé liom so raib carađ aise san iseałtír ó Éire a bi anđ řađ téarmač ařus ba céart liom buail leis má raib seans ařam. Lá roim an cruinniú ceart buaileas isteač an bóčar so đtí Vllodrop an áit a raib mar ceannceatrú do řluaiseačt an córas miđeamař. řuaires iompar ó fear i řluaisteáin ařus bi sé dom ceistiú an raib mé a obar san ceannceatrú. Dađairt mé nač raib mé, ac ar cuairt ó Éireanđ. Buaileas le Máirtín ařus bi seans ařainne siúleoid tríd an řortán ařus caint breá. řuair mé amač so raib sé obar lán téarmač anđ.

An lá d'ár diađ čosnaiř an cruinniú i řceart ařus ba iontač na daoine a bi a caint is a éist. Buaileas le fear as an Inđ, carađ le Máirtín a bi cun cuaram a čađairt dom, má raib don céist ařam. řreisin bi seans ařam lón a níche le Ollař Comaireamáočta ó ollscoil sna Stáití Aontaiče a bi a cleactađ miđeamař mar cuíd den córas oideačais. BÍ beirt cainteoir ón řearmař a bi an suimiúil. Dađairt mé liom řéin nač raib me cinnte cad é a raib acu, ac so raib mé cinnte so mbreá liom é a řail. Ar mo turas ađaile bi seans ařam buail arís le na eolaí ó óllscoil na hAmsterdam a buaileas leo sna hÉilbéis. bi an caint ařainne ařus bi spēis acu im taiřde le hařaiđ řuaim a usáid cun tomais eolaíóčta a čuiscint i slí eile. O'řilleas a ais ařus rinne mé ullumú cun an coláiste a řařail. Ní raib mé ró řásta leis sin a déanař mar ba sin an céad uair le naoi blian déas nač raib obar ařam ó d'řařas mo teallaiř cun dul isteač san airm.

Čá mé cun brisead arís mar čá mo carabač anńseo cun mé a čosařnt isteač so Sciobairín.

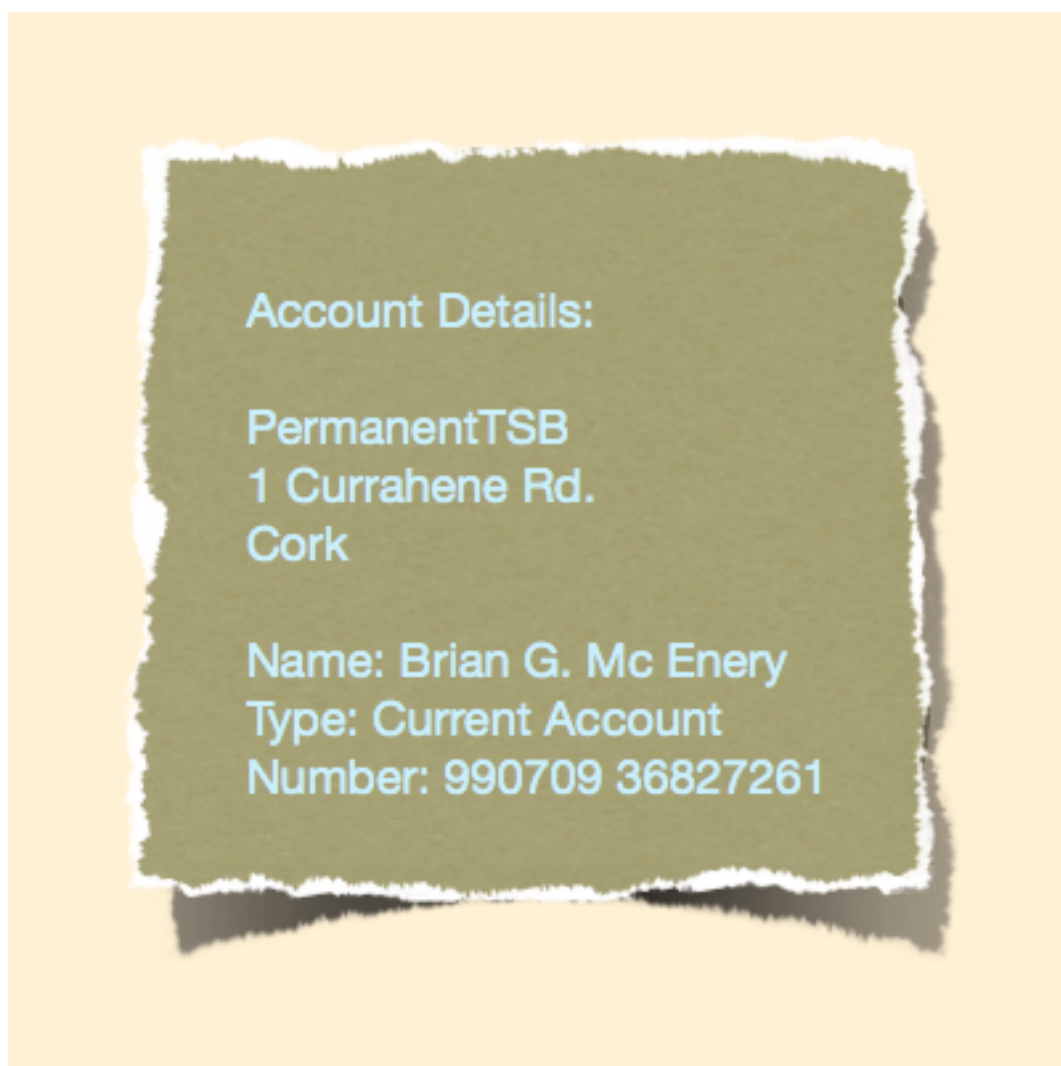
Istiř anois im coláiste eolais táim cun leaniúint le mo scéal. BÍ é beařán deačar an céad blian a bíos řan post san coláiste. leanas lem taiřde ar conas řuaim a usáid san eolaíóčt. BÍ é léir dom os řcaičfiđ dearcađ nua a cručú san cóisearačt, dearcađ řluaiseačt. BÍ an carađ a bi san ollscoil ařus deineamar rořnt maič comrá faoi. Ansan i rič an Samrađ in diađ řuaires seans beič mar taiřdeoir cúairtíóčta i rořn difriúil san coláiste. Rinne mé taiřde ar conas řuaim d'usáid cun tuisceannač nua a čručú i břisic cémeideac. leanas leis an taiřde sin i rič an řeimřeas ařus an blian ina diađ bi cruinniú saineolaí comaireamáočta le beič san coláiste. řuaires cabair ón řcoláiste taiřde san córas ríomaireačta Mathematica. BÍOS a caint faoi usáid a bařnt as řuaim cun dearcađ nua a cruču ar tolláńú cémeideac. Čarla an cruinniú sin i rič am nuař a bíos a rič don Oail don céad uair. Čuir leas uačtaráin morán řáilčú orm romam roim čosú. Ba sin an t-am ab deireannaí a čur řáilčte orm san coláiste. Níos lú san blian rinneas cúrsa eile san miúin cun ard móđ a řořlam. BÍ sin i břad níos deimne. BÍ é slí an ciúin istiř a



gluaiseadh agus forbairt oillteanas cumhachtaí na cruinne. Ba íontach an cúrsa sin. Nuair a bhíodh éall i Sasana don cuid deireadh den cúrsa le haistriú eitleán véideach conaic mé dá leabhair ar uimhriocht a bhí á úsáid i scoil náisiúnta san Ind. Pushpmala I agus Pushpmala III a bhí scríobtha as an Doctúir Navinder Puree as Ollscoil Roorkee . Rud nua le cur isteach im mál. Freisin le roinnt bliain do léigearas gach leabhar a bhí scríobtha faoi teoiric agus cleachtadh mídeamhain agus an saol a bhí idir eoláiocht véideach agus eoláiocht nua-aimseartha.

Like all poets I am hungry and if you enjoy the poetry I would enjoy receiving a little something in return, as you know the poets very rarely get paid, at least in their own lifetime. You can make a contribution by lodging £5.00, €5.00, or \$5.00 to my current account.

You may also wish to contact me by email. You can do so at the following address. [briangmcenery@gmail.com](mailto:briangmcenery@gmail.com)



Thanks,

Brian

Ḃrían Sioirrise Máirtín Aonḡaoise Fíoraileasa Cúroí Laoḡroíde  
Moḡ Roḡ Rámáḡ  
Ollam Éalaḡa Dúcais  
Ollam Éalaḡa Dúḡaireamáoḡ Doḡalta  
Ollam Éalaḡa Eaḡrú Fícéille  
Ollam Éalaḡa Neamácais  
Ceannasaí Drean na nDútoilreaḡta  
Ceannaire Laoḡra Dúcais Eolais na hErend  
Árd Stiúrḡóir Ionad Sláiniú Formola  
Príom Óide Dámḡoil Neamácais na hErend  
Rí Suaiḡ na bFaíḡ  
Draoí an tAon-Flaiḡ  
Rí na hErend



DRÍAN RÍDE DAONRACT NA hÉRENÐ